

UMASS/AMHERST



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250 YEARS
OF
NORTHFIELD
1673-1923

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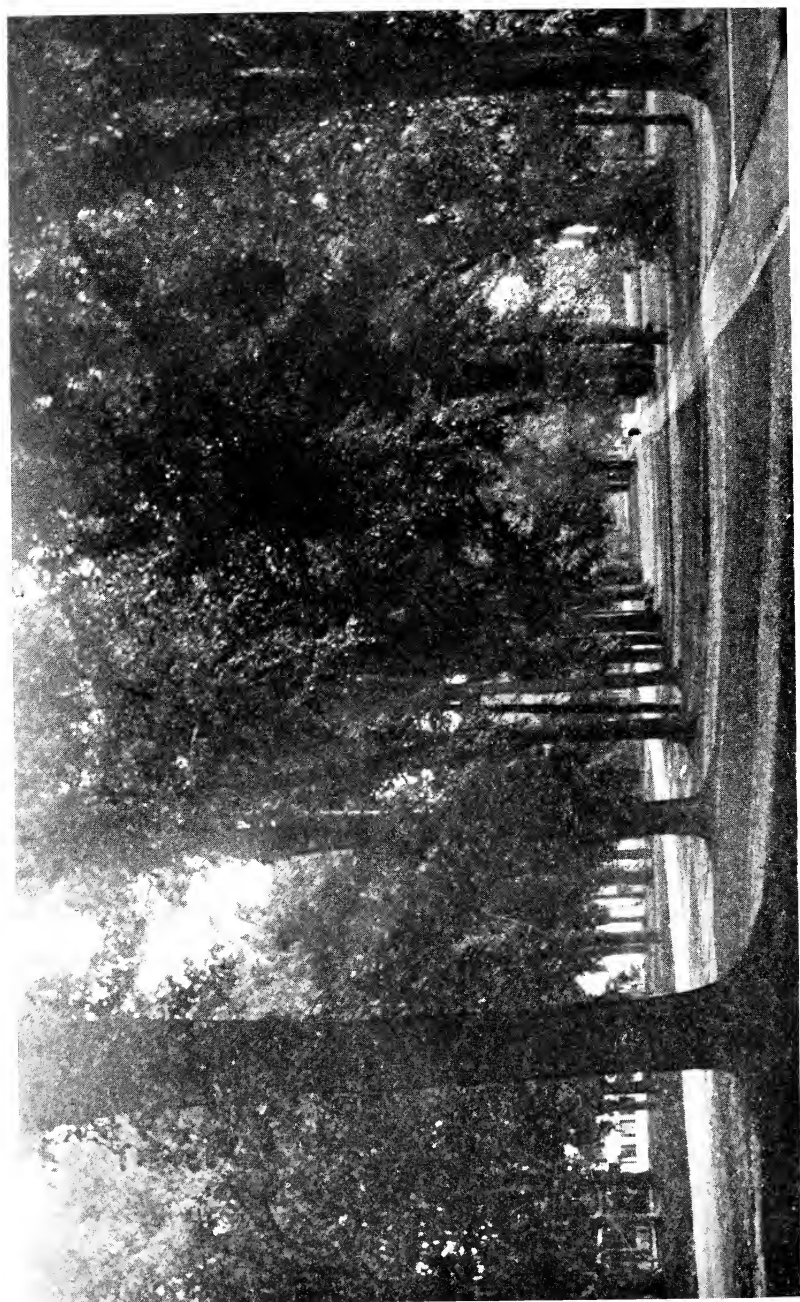


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Northfield Main Street, 1923

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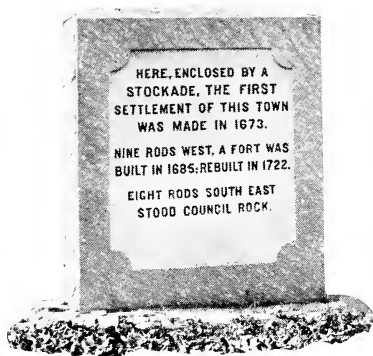
250th Anniversary Celebration

OF THE

Town of Northfield, Mass.



June 22, 23 and 24, 1923



HERE, ENCLOSED BY A
STOCKADE, THE FIRST
SETTLEMENT OF THIS TOWN
WAS MADE IN 1673.

NINE RODS WEST, A FORT WAS
BUILT IN 1695; REBUILT IN 1722.

EIGHT RODS SOUTH EAST
STODD COUNCIL ROCK.

Historical Sketch

BY ELMER F. HOWARD.

THE SETTLEMENT OF NORTHFIELD.

Before the exploration by white men, and the settlement of the town of Northfield, the territory was occupied by a tribe of Indians called the Squakheags, a name meaning "A spearing place for salmon."

Many evidences of this occupation have been discovered, proving that nearly every bluff along the river with an adjacent brook was the site of an Indian village. Among such sites the one west of Bennett's Meadow Bridge is noted as the home of King Philip from February to April, 1676.

Little is known of the antecedent history of this tribe, but it is known that they were attacked by the Mohawks in 1663, who in turn were unsuccessfully attacked by the Squakheags in 1669.

At about this time the white men appeared, and were welcomed as possible allies against the Mohawks. A sale of land was negotiated with the Indians, who probably failed to understand its full significance, and they continued to occupy their villages on the land thus sold.

Relations with the white men were friendly except during periods of temporary hostility and when incited to war by the enemies of the English.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT.

The first steps towards the settlement of Squakheag were taken in 1670. A party from Northampton, including Joseph Parsons, Sr., William Janes, George Alexander and Micah Mudge, examined the location and found the Indians anxious to sell. These men, with Caleb Pomeroy, made the purchase in 1671. The original purchase contained about 10,500 acres. The sum paid is

unknown, but an additional payment was made in 1686, as the Indians were dissatisfied with the original price, and a clear and satisfactory title was given. A second purchase was made in 1673 on the west bank of the Connecticut, containing 3000 acres. These two tracts comprised the town during the first settlement.

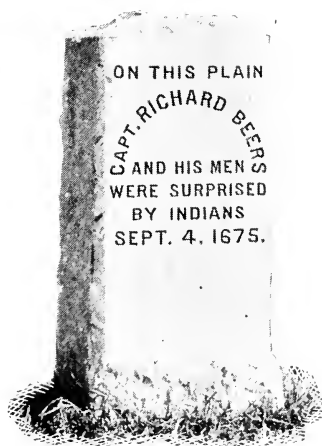
The first settlers arrived in the spring of 1673, and with them came Elder Janes. A religious service was held under an oak tree, standing until 1869. A stockade was built, houses were commenced, and crops planted. There were sixteen families and eighty to ninety persons in this group of settlers.

The site of this stockade and the location of the oak tree are properly marked. They are near the south end of Main Street.

The first settlement was short-lived. In 1675 the Indians became hostile, and after attacks on Brookfield in August, and on Deerfield in September, Northfield was ravaged and the settlers were compelled to abandon the territory.

The heroic efforts made by Captain Beers of Hadley to save Northfield from the savages were unavailing. An ambuscade threw his company into confusion and proved fatal to himself. The place of the battle on "Beers Plain" and the traditional grave of the leader are commemorated by suitable markers.

Additional forces from Hadley soon reached Northfield and guarded the remaining settlers to safety, and Northfield was abandoned.



THE SECOND SETTLEMENT.

After seven years, in 1682, steps were taken to resettle the town, and a petition was presented to the General Court, who appointed a new committee to oversee the settlement. In 1683 rules for the settlement were agreed upon, and in 1684 streets were laid out, and perhaps some crops planted. In the spring of 1685 twenty families arrived. Additional land was granted on the south, extending the boundary to Four Mile Brook. The lands were apportioned to the settlers, such apportionment extending beyond the mouth of the Ashuelot River, thus including portions of the present towns of Hinsdale and Winchester, New Hampshire, and Vernon, Vermont.

The first town meeting was held March 18, 1686. A second fort was built on the Pentecost Place, now known as Spring Missionary Colony, and a well dug which still remains. The site of the fort is now indicated by a marker.

In 1687 another purchase was made from the Indians, "in consideration of the sum of forty-five pounds in trade."

In 1688, as prosperity seemed within their grasp, the settlers were again subjected to Indian attacks and savage atrocities.

This was in part at least because the enmities between France and England were transferred to their colonies, the Indians being incited to this attack by the French.

Northfield was the most northern town in this valley, and so was the outpost most exposed to attack. Hopeless of successful defense, the County Court ordered the settlers on June 25, 1690, "to transport their corn and live stock to Springfield within six to eight days." This ended the second attempt at settlement.

THE THIRD SETTLEMENT.

Not until peace came between the Mother Countries did the permanent settlement of Northfield occur. Thus an interim of twenty-four years passed. In 1714 the General Court for the third time granted permission for the settlement, appointed a new committee to oversee the settlement, named the town "Northfield," and fixed certain conditions to be fulfilled by this town in "Hampshire County," Franklin County not being organized until nearly one hundred years later.

About twenty men came forward either in their own right, or in a right by inheritance or purchase, to become settlers, and in the next few years the old landmarks were re-established, the highways relaid, and a minister, the Rev. James Whitmore, fresh from Yale College, was engaged at a salary of "twenty-five pounds, a house and subsistence for himself and a horse."

On March 17, 1717, the settlers first elected town officers, subject to the approval of the Committee appointed by the General Court to oversee the settlement of the town. Rev. Benjamin Doolittle was engaged as minister, the contract with Mr. Whitmore having expired, and in the year following a church was built and he was called to be the pastor. The people agreed to give him "for his encouragement" a house, fifty acres of meadow and swamp land, ten acres of pasture land, one hundred pounds in money, payable within three years, and fifty-five pounds annually for the first five years, and seventy-five pounds thereafter, and a yearly supply of wood.

The Rev. Benjamin Doolittle was also a regularly educated physician, and, as time passed, his medical work interfered somewhat with his ministerial duties.

On April 11, 1722, the townspeople voted farms of equal size, about 700 acres in all, to the three members of the committee as compensation for their services in settling the town. These farms have since been called "Northfield Farms."

A survey of the town made at this time fixed the following boundaries: On the east side of the Connecticut, twelve miles north from Four Mile Brook. On the west side, eight miles north from Bennett's Brook. These boundaries included considerable portions of what are now Gill, Mass.; Vernon, Vt.; and Winchester and Hinsdale, N. H. This survey was confirmed by the General Court on June 21, 1733, after considerable hesitation.

On June 15, 1723, the "General Assembly for the Province of Massachusetts Bay, held at Boston," granted the petition of the proprietors and inhabitants of Northfield for the incorporation of their town, and the Committee which had managed it hitherto under appointment by the General Court was discharged.

While the trials of the early settlers and their dangers from Indian attack were not removed, never after this was the town in

danger of being abandoned. And when, in 1724, Fort Dummer was erected in the southern part of what is now Brattleboro, Northfield was no longer subject to direct attack by the Indians. For fifty years she had stood on the northern border with only enemies in the vast region to the north reaching to Canada.

LATER HISTORY.

The purpose of this sketch is to give an outline of the settlements of Northfield only. Her growth during the one hundred and fifty years after incorporation followed the lines taken by other rural towns where agricultural interests predominate.

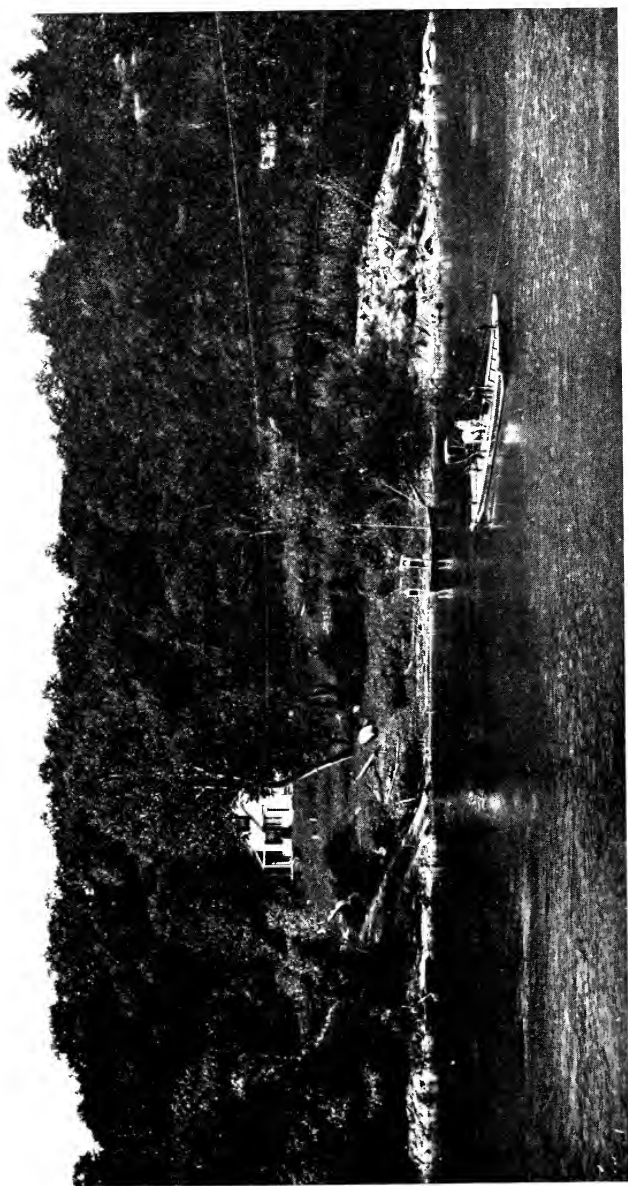
The first fifty years were stirring, dramatic, tragic. They abounded in all that makes history appealing and men heroic. The adventure into the wilderness, the struggle with natural conditions, the fight with savages, the constant fear of attack, the incessant need for caution and preparation for defense—all these conditions were present, and played their part in the development of character among the early settlers and their descendants. But these conditions were present in other towns, and played the same part in them. In this Northfield was not distinctive. It is the last fifty years that have made Northfield noted. Her early sons were heroic, as all pioneers must be, and they contributed their quota to the story of self-sacrifice by which the land was won, and, like others of similar heroism, they have lost much of their individuality, like common soldiers on the battlefield who do their duty, make their sacrifices, and pass on.

MR. D. L. MOODY.

The last fifty years have, through her greatest son, made Northfield known throughout the world as few, if any, small towns in this country are known. Through him a contribution has been made to the world, not alone by his personality and his preaching, but by the enduring institutions he founded.

They still speak for him, and those to whom they are committed continue the great work that he conceived and inaugurated.

(The above historical sketch is compiled from "All About Northfield.")



Stebbins Ferry, crossing the Connecticut River from Northfield to Mount Hermon
Superseded about 1900 by Bennett's Meadow Bridge

The Significant Colonial History of Northfield

BY FRANK L. DULEY.

The town of Northfield, Mass., was for almost seventy years the outpost of the Puritan colonists of western and northern New England, exposed to the full brunt of Indian attacks, which were so severe that twice the settlers of Northfield were forced to abandon their new homes and take refuge lower down the Connecticut Valley. Settled first in 1673, the town was re-settled in 1682 and 1714.

A study of the dates of settlement of the first towns to be settled in the Connecticut Valley has great interest for one, particularly in the long lapse of time between the settlement of Northfield and its first neighbor on the north, Charlestown, N. H.

Following are given the dates of settlement:

1633—Hartford, Conn.	1673—Northfield
1633—Windsor, Conn.	1682-90—Northfield (second settlement)
1634—Wethersfield, Conn.	1714—Northfield (third and permanent settlement)
1635—Saybrook, Conn.	1740—Charlestown, N. H.
1636—Springfield, Mass.	1741—Westmoreland, N. H.
1638—Chicopee, Mass.	1751—Westminster, N. H.
1645—Lyme, Conn.	1752—Walpole, N. H.
1645—Northampton, Mass.	1753—Bellows Falls, Vt.
1650—Middletown, Conn.	1761—Guilford, Vt.
1659—Hadley	1762—Brattleboro, Vt.
1660—Westfield	1764—Putney, Vt.
1662—Haddam, Conn.	
1670—Hatfield	
1671—Deerfield	



Mount Hermon School, founded in 1881 by Dwight L. Moody

The nearest neighbor on the east at the time of the first settlement was Groton, settled in 1655, eighteen years earlier than Northfield, and Groton remained her nearest neighbor on the east until the settlement of Athol in 1735, twenty-one years after Northfield's third settlement. Northfield's nearest neighbor on the west was Troy, N. Y., settled fourteen years earlier, in 1659, and Troy remained such until the settlement of Hoosick Falls in 1688, which took place during the period of the second occupation of Northfield, 1682-90. No other towns on the east were settled until twenty-three years after the settlement of Northfield, and none on the west until five years before the third settlement.



On the north sixty-seven years passed before she had her first neighbor in Charlestown, settled in 1740, and that over a quarter of a century after her third and permanent settlement. Why such a long lapse of time? The answer is found in the activities of King Philip and events connected with King William's War, the American area of the War of the League of Augsburg, fought by France against England, Holland, Austria and Spain, and ended by the Treaty of Ryswick, 1697; also in events connected with Queen Anne's War, the American area of the War of the Spanish Succession, fought by France, Bavaria and Spain against England, Holland, Portugal, Austria, Prussia and Savoy, and ended by the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713.

In other words the claim is boldly made that Northfield was the spear-point of the English settlements in the Connecticut Valley from 1673 until 1690, with a break of seven years, against French

and Indian power stretching southward down the valley from Quebec. From 1690, when the second settlement was abandoned on order of the General Court, signed June 25, 1690, until 1714, Deerfield was that spear-point. During this period of twenty-four years the question as to whether the Connecticut Valley and New England, and in fact as to whether this whole continent was to be French or English, was being decided on the battlefields of Europe by the Duke of Marlborough and William of Orange, commanding armies in whose ranks fought cousins and kinsmen of the settlers living from Saybrook at the mouth of the river up as far as Northfield, and also by the kinsmen of those Dutch who had settled the Hudson Valley from Manhattan to Albany and Troy. The issue, on continental lines, was finally decided by General Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham in 1757.

So this old valley town may take pride in her two hundred and fifty years of history.



Northfield Square about 1890

Organization

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

Elected by the Town.

Dr. and Mrs. Norman P. Wood

Mr. and Mrs. Ambert G. Moody

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Callender

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Montague

Dr. Wood, Chairman

Mr. Callender, Recording Secretary

Mrs. Wood, Corresponding Secretary

Mr. Montague, Treasurer

Appointed by General Committee.

Mr. Alfred H. Mattoon

Mrs. Charles H. Webster

Mrs. Fred B. Caldwell

Miss Annie Campbell

Mr. Joseph Cembalisky

PAGEANT COMMITTEE.

Mrs. F. H. Montague

Mr. Joseph W. Field

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

Mr. Frank L. Duley

Mrs. F. B. Caldwell

Mr. Elmer F. Howard

Mr. Charles E. Bittinger

COMMITTEE ON FAMILY HISTORIES AND INVITATIONS.

Mr. Ambert G. Moody	Mrs. Leonard R. Smith
Mrs. George Foreman	Mrs. Anna B. Phelps
Mrs. Christina C. Stockbridge	Miss Sallie Minot

COMMITTEE ON SPORTS.

Mr. John Broderick	Mr. Thomas H. Parker
Mr. Myron Dunnell	Mr. George W. Carr

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS.

Mrs. Charles C. Stearns	Mr. Joseph Bittinger
Mr. Walter Parker	

COMMITTEE ON ARTISTIC DESIGNS.

Miss Bernice Webster	Miss Mabel Merriman
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COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

Mr. Joseph W. Field	
Mrs. C. H. Webster	
Mr. Philip Porter	
	Mrs. Samuel E. Walker

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Mr. Frank W. Kellogg	Mr. Edward M. Morgan
Mr. Fred A. Irish	Mr. Charles A. Parker
Mr. Ralph O. Leach	Mr. Thomas H. Parker
Mr. Philip Porter	Mr. Ralph Holton

HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE.

Dr. and Mrs. Arthur N. Thompson	
Mrs. Fred Z. Allen	Mrs. Charles E. Williams

COSTUME COMMITTEE.

Mrs. F. H. Montague	Mrs. Newton W. Keet
Mrs. Martha Gillett	

PROPERTIES COMMITTEE.

Mr. J. W. Field	Mr. Frank Kendrick
Mr. C. A. Parker	Mr. James Quinlan
Mr. Lester A. Polhemus	Mr. Fred W. Doane

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Mrs. A. G. Moody	Mrs. A. N. Thompson
Miss Sallie Minot	Mr. Fred A. Holton
Mrs. G. Foreman	Mr. Fred H. Doolittle
Mr. Ernest C. Field	

REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE.

Mr. F. W. Doane	Mr. Thomas A. Gabb
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COMMITTEE ON GROUNDS.

Mr. F. A. Holton	Mr. F. H. Doolittle
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PARKING COMMITTEE.

Mr. Philip Porter	Spencer Brothers
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GROUP LEADERS.

Hinsdale, N. H.

Mrs. Abbie H. Robertson	Miss Eva C. Robertson
Ellen C. W. Kimball	Mr. Harold S. Garfield
Mr. Prentis W. Taylor	

Vernon, Vt.

Mr. H. Everett Powers	Mrs. Rena Vaughan
Mr. Alfred H. Evans	

Gill, Mass.

Prof. William S. Yeager

Northfield

Dr. Richard G. Holton	Mrs. F. H. Montague
Mr. A. H. Mattoon	Mr. Clarence M. Steadler
Mrs. Harry M. Haskell	Mr. George W. Carr
Miss Mary MacDonald	

COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION OF ANNIVERSARY BOOK.

Mrs. Fred B. Caldwell
Mrs. Ambert G. Moody
Mrs. Norman P. Wood
Mr. Ambert G. Moody
Mr. Thomas R. Callender



Northfield High School—Alexander Memorial Hall, north half of first floor
At right, residence of Dr. N. P. Wood, Chairman of Anniversary Committee

Anniversary Programme

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 22, 1923.

COMMEMORATORY SERVICE.

At the tablet marking the site of the first settlement of the Town in 1673, located just north of the home of Mr. Edward M. Morgan, Main Street. Address by the Rev. Francis W. Pattison.

AFTERNOON.

CONCERT.

By the Greenfield Military Band, Mr. Charles M. Bickford, director, at The Northfield.

HISTORICAL PAGEANT.

On the lawns of The Northfield Hotel.

EVENING.

HISTORICAL EXHIBIT.

Dickinson Memorial Library; Music by Northfield Orchestra. Director, J. W. Field.

FRIENDSHIP GATHERINGS.

1. At the home of Miss Sallie Minot; receiving with:

Mrs. Charles E. Williams
Mrs. Joseph W. Field
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Field
Rev. and Mrs. Francis W. Pattison
Mr. and Mrs. Everett J. Best

2. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Foreman; receiving with :

Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Holton
Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Holton
Mrs. Minnie Holton Callender
Hon. Herbert C. Parsons
Miss Louise Parsons

3. At D. L. Moody Birthplace; receiving :

Mrs. A. Percy Fitt
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Doolittle
Rev. and Mrs. R. Edward Griffith
Rev. Fr. P. E. Carey
Miss Ethel M. Moody
Mrs. Elmer F. Howard

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 23.

HISTORICAL EXHIBIT.

In Dickinson Memorial Library.

OUTDOOR SPORTS AND BALL GAME.

John Broderick, chairman.

High School grounds.

AFTERNOON.

OLD HOME GATHERING AND BASKET PICNIC.

High School grounds.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.

Given by the Honorable B. Loring Young, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; High School grounds.

Music by School Children, under the direction of Prof. I. J. Lawrence.

EVENING.

BAND CONCERT.

By Greenfield Military Band; at The Northfield. Mr. Charles M. Bickford, director.

HISTORICAL PAGEANT.

On The Northfield Hotel lawns.

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 24.

High School Grounds.

UNION RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

Sermon by the Rev. Horace F. Holton, D. D., pastor of the Porter Congregational Church of Brockton, Mass.

AFTERNOON.

High School Grounds.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

By Hon. Herbert C. Parsons of Boston, Deputy Commissioner and Secretary of Commission on Probation for Massachusetts.
Music by School Children.

Five-minute addresses by former pastors of Northfield.

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 22.

FIRST SETTLEMENT SERVICE.

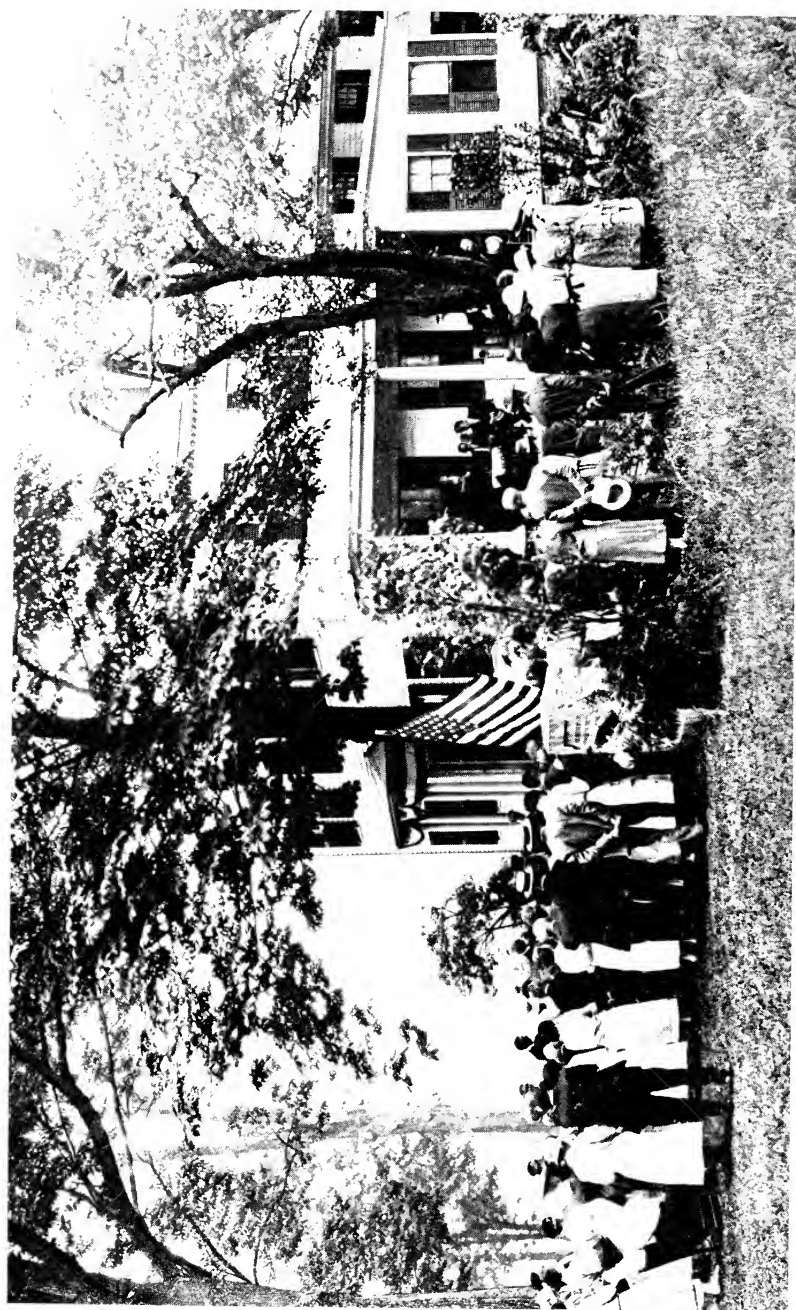
Dr. N. P. Wood, presiding.

PRAYER. Rev. H. F. Randolph, D.D., Washington, D. C.

SONG. Just simply trust. Male Quartette, Messrs. Philip Porter, Stanley Hesselton, Walter H. Waite, Leon R. Alexander

ADDRESS OF WELCOME. Mr. Fred A. Holton, Chairman of Board of Selectmen.

SONG. Home, sweet home. Mrs. Mazie Hastings Slade, Wollaston, Mass.



Commemoratory Service of the 250th Anniversary; Memorial Stone marking site of first settlement of Northfield

INTRODUCTION. Dr. N. P. Wood.

ADDRESS. Rev. Francis Wayland Pattison.

SONG. Long, long ago. Mrs. Slade.

BENEDICTION. Rev. Albert Mobbs.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Mr. F. A. Holton.

It is my pleasure on behalf of the officers of the Town to welcome you all here to our celebration. We are always glad to see our friends back in Northfield, but we are especially glad to have you here at this anniversary time.

We are going to make it our principal business for the next few days to make everyone happy. The Committee have arranged a program that will be interesting and entertaining. We are going to hear addresses and see exhibits and so on, but one of the pleasantest features is to be the renewing of our friendships with the people who have come back home to stay for a few days.

We will try to show you by our acts that our welcome is not one of empty words, but from the heart. We bid you a hearty welcome and present you not only with the keys of our town but also with those of our homes.

INTRODUCTION.

Dr. N. P. Wood.

We have assembled here to-day to call to remembrance (by special observance) the coming here of that little band of pioneers, our forefathers, two hundred and fifty years ago.

Their coming was one of those epoch-making events in the history of this beautiful valley which was at once the fruit of the past and the seed of the future.

We can see now that they were almost unconsciously pointing the way for a larger freedom and civilization.

The time in which they lived was indeed a time of intense transition, and it is especially fitting and proper that we gather here to-day to do honor to their memories.

The fruitage of that event of two hundred and fifty years ago, only fifty-three years after the *Mayflower* reached Plymouth, has been an important influence in the life of New England in shaping its institutions and in developing its civilization.

It may be argued that the coming of our forefathers to Northfield was not an important historical event in the history of our state and nation in the sense that battles, sieges, and senates are important. But it was important in that it helped to elucidate the condition of society and the struggle for civilization of that time. He who would understand the progress of our national growth and civilization must not confine his observation to congresses and solemn days.

He must see ordinary men in their ordinary business and their ordinary pleasures. He must mingle with the crowd and know of the ordinary struggles of humanity. An attractive writer of history is one who has imagination, who enlivens his dry and dignified facts with the rich colorings from romance, ballad and chronicle.

He would consider no small beginning, no anecdote, no familiar saying as too insignificant for his notice.

Macaulay tells us that in Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautifully painted window which was made by an apprentice out of a piece of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church that according to tradition the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. So the facts of history carved on quarried granite or natural boulder, if all the circumstances connected with them are carefully searched, may be made the corner stone upon which a builder of historical romance can construct volumes like *Standish of Standish* or *Ivanhoe*.

A Miles Standish or a Black Knight may not be found, but heroes and heroines will not be wanting if only the legitimate imagination is active in its use of undoubted historical data.

I must not take more time, however inviting the theme. The committee having this occasion in charge had fully expected to have for the principal speaker of the hour a real son of Northfield, Dr. Richard M. Smith of Boston, but in this we are disappointed for various and sufficient reasons. However, we have secured one to fill the gap who has been a resident of Northfield for a number

of years and is well acquainted with her traditions and people. He lacks one important essential however, namely, a Northfield pedigree. We expect he will atone for this deficiency in the quality of his address. I take pleasure in presenting Rev. Francis W. Pattison.



Hunt's Tavern of stage-coach days. From 1829 to 1843 it was the Northfield Academy of Useful Knowledge. It is now known as "The Beehive"

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF NORTHFIELD.

Rev. F. W. Pattison.

More than a century before the outbreak of the American Revolutionary War Northfield was founded. To-day we are met to celebrate that event. It is fitting that the first meeting of this two hundred and fiftieth anniversary be held where we now stand—"Here enclosed by a stockade, the first settlement of this town was made in 1673."

Preparations for the First Settlement.

The eyes of the white man appear first to have looked upon this part of the country in 1669. In the spring of that year a band of four men was empowered by the General Court of Massachusetts "to lay out a new plantation near Quinsigamond Pond" (Worcester). These men also journeyed northwest to explore the coun-

try. They were favorably impressed, for they recommended in a postscript to their report that two desirable town sites had been found and that they be reserved for such purpose. The Court approved the recommendation. On one of these sites we meet to-day.

In 1670 four men left Northampton and pressed northeast to this place. Their names appear to have been Joseph Parsons, Sr., William Janes, George Alexander and his son-in-law, Micah Mudge. They looked over the land carefully, learned that the Indians were eager to sell, and reported the same to other interested colonists.

The next year an agreement was made with the Indians by which the territory comprising the present village of Northfield, to the extent of ten thousand five hundred and sixty acres, was purchased in the name of Joseph Parsons, Sr.

After the petition for this settlement was granted at the session of the General Court certain orders were issued whereby all persons to whom land was granted were to be here within eighteen months, and were to put up buildings. Other conditions for land tenure were drawn up.

The simplified form of the Indian name for Northfield was Squakheag. In the Indian tongue this seems to have meant "a-spear-ing-place-for-salmon." The community was given the English name Northfield, as it was the most northern settlement on the Connecticut River.

The First Settlement.

In the spring of 1673 the settlers began to arrive. These hills and plains were then almost without trees, for each autumn the Indians had burned them over. An Indian trail ran from this outpost to what is now the region about Deerfield, which was then a small community two years old. Another trail connected Squakheag with the present site of Athol.

The site on which we now stand was chosen because the land had been somewhat used for crops by the Indians, and also for its convenience to the near-by meadow where grass and grain were to be grown. Twenty plots of land, each of about seven and a half acres, were assigned. Sixteen of these plots were soon taken up.

The list of families comprising this first settlement constitute our Roll of Honor to-day. The heads of these families were Ralph Hutchinson, Elder William Janes, Robert Lyman, Cornelius Merry, John Hilyard, Joseph Dickinson, Micah Mudge, John Alexander, George Alexander, Samuel Wright, Thomas Webster, William Miller, Joseph Parsons (represented by a substitute), Thomas Bascom, William Smeade, William Hurlburt or Thomas Root, Jr. Most of these men were in the prime of life and were accompanied by their wives and little children.

The following brief but telling description by the Rev. John Hubbard, second pastor of the village church, appears in a volume of the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections: "In (the spring of) 1673 settlers came on, planted down near one to another, built small huts, covered them with thatch, and near their centre made one for public worship and employed Elder William Janes as their preacher; also ran a stockade and fort around a number of what they called houses, to which they might repair in case they were attacked by the enemy." Near this stockade our original town fathers raised their first crops of flax, Indian corn and wheat. Within sight of this spot those daring men and women of faith held the first religious services when Elder Janes preached the Word of the Lord.

The tablet erected here mentions a stockade and a fort. These speak of danger. The Indians for a time lived on friendly terms with the first settlers. They traded with them. The Indian braves often might have been seen at work for the white men. Their squaws made and sold baskets and brooms. But perilous days soon came. The Indians were in uncertain mood. The nearest other pioneers were far away as miles were reckoned in those rough times. Hadley was the nearest stronghold and it was thirty miles distant. Peace was kept for about two years, during which the brave pioneers struggled with hard and dangerous conditions as civilization sought to mingle with savagery.

The Village Abandoned.

On the morning of September second, 1675, the women were busy at their work, the little children were at play, the men were

in the meadows and home lots. Suddenly the Indians attacked. The little huts became scenes of murder. Patches of the meadows were drenched in blood. All who could do so rushed to the fort for safety. Cattle were killed. Crops were laid waste. Houses not in the stockade were burned.

Meanwhile at Hadley word had been received of an Indian attack at Deerfield. The day following, Captain Beers was making ready to come to the relief of Northfield. It was the same day that the Indians had massacred at Northfield. The next morning, September third, the Captain started with thirty-six mounted men and an ox team. The following day as Captain Beers approached this frontier settlement with most of his relieving party he was attacked from an ambush and after a severe struggle he fell. According to the narrative by Hubbard about twenty more men were slain. The rest of the party retreated to Hadley by night with the horses. Then a larger expedition was quickly made ready to be led by Major Treat, with one hundred men. As he approached the little settlement of Northfield he saw the heads of men killed with Captain Beers, stuck on poles beside the trail. Arrived at the stockade it was found to be unbroken and all who had found shelter there safe. These survivors were conducted to safety. The Indians set fire to the fort and huts. The first courageous attempt at settlement here passed into history. But the dauntless spirit of the pioneers was strong and a second settlement was made seven years later.

Our Heritage.

We, heirs of this great day, can look back upon the long years of struggle from the vantage ground of attained comfort. The forefathers did not see what our eyes behold. We look upon the successful accomplishment of settlement, but the first settlers dwelt in uncertainty under the dread shadows of threatening disaster. We read the history that they made. Their faith and courage produced a persistence the prosperous fruitage of which we gather to-day. As we practice the knack of looking at events as they happened rather than at their issue, we shall prize anew the mighty qualities of our great souled forbears.

The pioneering spirit is still needed. No longer are we called

upon to dare the hardships which they endured. But great moral principles are still calling for right settlement. Democracy as a world force is not yet victorious. The rule of the people is still experimental. We the pioneers of a new day for the world are to champion the ideals of developing democracy as we believe in them. In such belief we are to move forward with eyes toward the God of the fathers, with feet treading the ground secured for us by their sacrificial devotion. On this holy ground we can appropriately and gratefully dedicate ourselves to carry on the efforts for an enlarging civilization, the seeds of which they so truly planted.

One principle which led the founders of this village to endure was love for freedom. This we may remember to-day. The Indians met the men and women who came from over the seas seeking a larger life and speaking a strange tongue. It is for us their children to make room for the people who are now coming from over the seas in search of enlarged opportunities and speaking tongues unknown to us. We are to receive them not at the point of the bayonet, but with outstretched hand that together we may co-operate to make a yet better Northfield and Commonwealth and Nation. To be to these recent comers what the first fathers of this community would have had the Indians be to them is a timely challenge to us at this hour. We are to show ourselves worthy of the great treasure handed on to us as we seek to share it intelligently and gladly with these new Americans. So shall we prove ourselves worthy of our heritage.



Puritan Group, including first settlers—Episodes II and III

The Guiding Star

Pageant

An Historical Pageant written and presented under the direction of Leila M. Church of Rockville, Conn., depicted the salient points of the two hundred and fifty years of Northfield's history.

A cast of about seven hundred and fifty enacted the scenes on the picturesque grounds of The Northfield Hotel. Hinsdale, N. H., Vernon, Vt., and Gill participated in the presentation as sections of these towns were once incorporated within the boundaries of Northfield.

EPISODE I.

SCENE I.

The discovery of the town location was made by four men from Northampton in 1669: Captain Daniel Gookin, Daniel Henchman, Captain Thomas Prentice and Captain Richard Beers.

“Children of the mighty forest,
Where they hunted—sped their arrows;—
Children of the fertile valley,
Where the smoke rose from their wigwam.”

All:

We, the children of our Fathers,
Gather now to sing our praises;
Sing our praises to the sunrise,
Told by all the birds of forest;
Sing our praises to the sunset,
Told by long and darker shadows;
Sing our praises to Ossoomah,
To the shining star of evening.
Ossoomah! Ossoomah!

Councillor:

Ossoomah rides the sky of evening,
And still no braves return from combat.

Youth:

From the mountains, O our Fathers,
We have looked across the valley ;
Tried to see their shining arrows,
Hear their shouts, and see their trophies
Won by Courage from their battles—
By the Courage spirit Weena.
Weena ! Weena !

Councillor:

They go forth to fight the Mohawks—
Enemies of mighty numbers.

Youth:

Strong the arrows, O our Fathers,
Of the enemy against us ;
But our braves are still the stronger,
Speeding arrows ever swifter ;
For the spirit of the skillful
Keewahnoo will make them surer.
Kee-wah-noo ! Kee-wah-noo !

Councillor:

To the westward lies their village ;
Far away the Mohawk wigwams.

Youth:

O our Fathers, to the westward
Speed our braves with faster footsteps !
In their hands the gleaming arrows !
In their hands the burning torches !
Burning all the Mohawk village
With the flaming fire Wohela.
Wohela ! Wohela !

Councillor:

When the enemies are captives,
Then our hearts shall be more joyous.

Youth:

When the tribes shall be forgotten
Of the enemies about us;
When the moon shall show deserted
All their hunting grounds and wigwams;
Then shall we still roam the valley,
Dwelling in this land forever.

Long as dawn shall bring the sunrise;
Long as evening follows sunset;
With the guiding star of heaven
Shining over land and water;
Until there shall be no longer
Sky above the land and water,
Sing and offer praise to Ne-ja!
To the spirit of our freedom.
Ne-ja! Ne-ja! Ne-ja!

• ENTRANCE OF WARRIORS.

Mount Hermon Students and Northfield Men

Councillor:

Many times the sun has risen and set since you left us to go
forth to battle, and no captives are among you.

Massenet:

The sun shall rise and set no more on Panoot and our braves,
for many are the Mohawks, mighty are their numbers.

Nessacoscom:

The moon shines down on the graves of many of our brothers.

Massenet:

Tribute must we render; otter and ermine and wampum.

Councillor:

We will gather once more and rise against them.

Nessacoscom:

Many are the Mohawks ; mighty are their numbers.

Kecteis:

O our Fathers, many are the white men, whose arrows blaze fire and destruction.

Councillor:

White men who come, seeking to buy our land.

Massenet:

Many are our hunting grounds, and wide our valley. With the white man's wampum we may render tribute to the Mohawks.

Councillor:

Let us, then, give land to the white man, that we may unite with them to be the stronger.

Massenet:

Wide are our valleys. Let us give land to the Palefaces, whose guns are mighty in combat. Let us make stronger our numbers, that we may dwell here forever, with the spirit of our Freedom.

Ne-ja ! Ne-ja ! Ne-ja !

Indian Singer, Philip Porter

Indian Warriors

Councillors

Squaws

Youths

Indians.

Ernest Parker

Eugene Brinson

Willis Parker

Earl Shine

Wilson Lyman

William McKay

Murray Hammond

W. D. Miller

Harold Clough

H. N. Wilcox

Charles Schauwecker
 W. S. Yeager
 Kenneth Miller
 H. Gledhill
 Philip Porter
 Frederick Caldwell
 Fred Irish
 Niles Sweet
 Wilson Lyman
 Edward Bolton
 Robert Ware
 Harry Haskell
 Dr. N. P. Wood
 Stanley Wilson
 Paul Williams
 Charles Gilbert
 Lawrence Tyler
 Thomas Malbon
 Clifford Bolton
 Harry Kelly
 W. J. Barr
 George Duganne
 Isaac Bellows
 Robert Williams
 Thomas Owl
 James Sprague
 Clayton C. Frissell
 Paul Reed

David Oates
 William S. Hoffmeister
 Thos. Seidentopf
 Leslie Askren
 John Wieneufeld
 Edward Manger
 R. A. Chesbro
 R. M. Dorcas
 John Kellogg
 J. H. Orbison
 L. A. Peacock
 Tom Liedentoff
 Henry Smith
 Fred Turton
 E. H. Flenning
 D. B. Bodley
 P. M. Richmond
 Harold Wagar
 R. B. Jessup
 F. G. LeBaron
 H. R. Olmstead
 R. R. Ross
 W. T. Taylor
 W. A. Carlough
 Arthur Garcia
 L. F. VanArnan
 Harold Smith
 E. C. Pease

Squaws.

Alice Watson
 Catherine Drury
 Gwendoline Ross
 Muriel Platt
 Annabelle Goodnow
 Mary Y. Davis

Miriam Wehl
 Lillian Ansley
 Priscilla Gallup
 Beatrice Erving
 Hazel Arnold

Also a group of students from Mount Hermon



Northfield Main Street, near Maple Street, Massachusetts State Highway to the White Mountains

EPISODE II.

SCENE I.

"And the stars of the sky shall guide them by night; and Courage, with her handmaidens—Progress, Religion, Education, Industry, Justice, and Patriotism—shall be their day-star of might."

DANCE OF THE STARS.

STAR GROUP.

Ida M. Leavis.....	Spirit of Northfield
Jeanne Monat.....	Courage
Imogene A. Blossom.....	Industry
Mary E. Dalton.....	Religion
Helen M. Parker.....	Justice
Grace E. Huber.....	Progress
Marion E. Webster.....	Education
Mrs. James W. Alger.....	Loyalty

Beatrice M. Newton	Edna B. Doolittle
Mrs. George N. Kidder	Florence E. Irish
Mrs. Theodore F. Darby	Marion I. Irish
Mrs. Alfred H. Holton	Elizabeth N. Neilon
Mrs. Dana W. Leavis	Mary MacDonald
Eleanor P. Mason	Lillian I. O'Clair
Mary E. Spencer	Blanche I. Corser
Bessie L. Spencer	Marie B. Bixby
Georgia E. Spencer	Esther E. Lane
Margaret A. Cady	Ruth M. Lane
Elizabeth Dickens	Agda Sword

SCENE II.

"Courage, their guiding star."

In the spring of 1673 the first families arrived from Northampton to settle on the land already laid out.

CHARACTERS.

Ralph Hutchinson	John Alexander
Elder William Janes	George Alexander
Robert Lyman	Samuel Wright
John Hilyard	Thomas Webster
Joseph Dickinson	William Miller
Micah Mudge	William Clarke
Joseph Parsons	

SCENE III.

The first summer, religious services were held out of doors under an oak tree, known later as Memorial Oak. Elder William Janes conducted the services.

Elder Janes:

“As it has pleased the God of Righteousness to safely direct us hither to this pleasant valley, let us sing of that love which is our rock and our refuge forever, and offer praise to Him for all His goodness.”

Hymn (Dundee).

“How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

“While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongues:
‘Lord, why was I a guest?’

“’Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.”

Elder Jones:

"And now may our Heavenly Father be with us and strengthen us, that we may establish the glory of His Kingdom in a new land. Amen."

SCENE IV.

INDIAN COUNCIL.

Brave:

The white man's harvest is more plentiful with each passing of the moon; many are the Palefaces on our hunting grounds.

Brave:

The lands of the children of our Fathers grow less, as the sun rises and sets.

Brave:

The lands of the Pocomtocks and the Nonotucks, down the river, have grown less, for many are the white men there.

Brave:

The Pocomtocks and Nonotucks below us have risen against the white man within two suns. The moon shines down upon the graves of the white man.

Brave:

Let us drive the Paleface from our land, that we may rejoice in the spirit of our Freedom. Ne-ja! Ne-ja!

Captain Beers started from Hadley, Friday, September 3, with a company of men, and arrived at Northfield on Saturday, losing his own life and that of over half his men in a skirmish with the Indians.

Major Treat, from Hartford, and his men, came to the rescue on Monday, September 6, and released the garrisoned colonists, and guarded them on their hasty desertion of their settlement.

FIRST SETTLERS.

Herbert A. Reed

Ralph Reed

Mrs. Herbert A. Reed

Alexander H. Pearson

Mrs. Bessie Severance

Mrs. Alexander H. Pearson

Mrs. Sidney Tyler

Mrs. Ralph Holton

Mrs. George Pefferle	Frederick Lapan
Charles L. Johnson	Stephen Haranak
Mrs. Charles L. Johnson	Elizabeth Boltwood
Myron S. Johnson	John Haranak
Katherine Johnson	Chauncey Newton
George T. Thompson	Mrs. Chauncey Newton
Mrs. George T. Thompson	Mrs. C. C. Stockbridge
Paul Thompson	Leon R. Alexander
Robert Thompson	Mrs. Bert Newton
Herbert H. Chamberlin	Mrs. Joseph W. Field
Mrs. Herbert H. Chamberlin	Mrs. Frank H. Montague
Mrs. Thomas H. Parker	Robert Quinlan
Thomas G. Parker	Osman Haven
Mrs. D. B. Stevens	Genevieve Alexander
Charles E. Bittinger	Robert Todd
Seth Field	Elinor Todd
Eleanor Mobbs	William Todd
Harry M. Bristol	Elmer F. Howard
Flora E. Bristol	Miss Sallie Minot
Florence N. Streeter	Richard Tyler
Belle C. Mason	Edward Reed
Janet Todd	Lawrence Lazelle
Clifford Field	Mrs. Merrill T. Moore
Albert Irish	Merritt C. Skilton
Janet Roberts	Mrs. J. A. Stebbins
Mrs. Leon P. Lilly	T. R. Callender
Emily Lilly	Mrs. George Slate
Irene Davis	Mrs. Arnold Holton
Arthur S. Merrill	Mrs. Howard Hoxie
Mrs. Arthur S. Merrill	Margaret Hoxie
Bert Newton	Joseph R. Colton
Georgie Piper	Mrs. Joseph R. Colton
Michael Kelly	Evangeline Colton
Mrs. Clarence Griggs	Priscilla Colton
Dorothy Gordon	Robert Ware
Elizabeth Gordon	Aaron Newton
Anne Gordon	Rena C. Tyler

Allen Newton

Captain BeersTheodore F. Darby

SOLDIERS.

Gordon Buffum

Max Huber

Isaac Bellows

Fred Huber

Ray Thompson

Donald Finch

Ralph W. Lane

Henry Holton

Harry Kelly

George Gordon

Paul Jordan

Stanford Sword

Ralph Holton

Royal Bryant

Major Treat.....Stephen J. Breen

SOLDIERS.

Fred Bolton

George Sheldon

Franz George

Roger Lyman

Earl Shine

Robert Abbott

Lee Sheldon

Alvin Dugar

Henry Bristol

Glen Hammond

Stephen Langton

Albert Spencer



From Procession of First Settlers—Episode II, Scene 4

EPISODE III.

SCENE I.

"Courage, their day-star of night."

Meeting at Northampton, 1714.

Samuel Partridge:

The purpose for which we have met has been made plain to you all, and the reading of the resolutions you have already heard, in regard to the re-settlement of the land known as Squakheag, or the North Field. If it is the pleasure of the meeting, Henry Dwight shall now read for you these resolutions.

Dwight:

"We, the undersigned, do affirm our desire to settle upon the lands of Squakheag, as laid out by the committee appointed by the General Assembly, and do agree to settle forty families upon the same within two years, and that new names shall hereby take the place of those departed this life since the first and second settlements. The apportionment of the lots already agreed upon herein follows."

Samuel Partridge:

You have heard these resolutions, and several of you have already signified your desire to occupy said lands.

Eleazar Mattoon:

It has been said that twice the Indians have killed so many that all attempts would be useless to re-settle the North Field.

Benjamin Wright:

Ay, useless to settle, if only a few have the courage to go. Our safety lies in numbers.

Eleazar Mattoon:

Did not the second settlement of 1685 remain but a few years, and come straggling back, what were left, like cows to the bars, after much killing of their men by the savages?

Benjamin Wright:

It is true we came back, but now we go forth again, stronger

in numbers; and, it please God, and still again, if we are beaten back, and again, till the savages themselves are driven from the land.

Samuel Partridge:

It is my intention to ask if it is the desire of those present to sign these resolutions.

All:

Aye! Aye! Aye!

Samuel Partridge:

Then shall we call for those signatures whose names are now read.

Dwight:

"Benjamin Wright! Ebenezer Wright! Nathaniel Alexander! Judah Hutchinson! Joseph Alexander! Joseph Parsons! Isaac Warner! William Boltwood! Timothy Hilliard! Joseph Clary! Joseph Root! Eleazar Warner! Moses Lyman!"

Eleazar Mattoon:

In the space of a short time we may also sign our names, who have not already done so: Thomas Taylor, Peter Evans, Hese-kiah Stratton, Isaac Mattoon, Zechariah Field, and Joseph Severance, who have so expressed their willingness.

Samuel Partridge:

May we hope that they, and many others, will be so moved. There is not much more to be said, only to wish you God-speed. And now, Goodman Alexander, may we ask you to implore the Divine blessing on this so mighty an undertaking.

Alexander:

"O Gracious Father, Who hath mercifully inclined Thy ear to the cry of distress from many a wilderness, guide us, we pray, in safety to this new town which we go forth to build, and lead us in truth and in honor, for all time. Amen."

SCENE II.

The Court granted the petition to be made a town in July, 1723,

and Benjamin Wright was named to assemble the inhabitants for the election of their own officers.

Benjamin Wright:

No news yet of the scouts sent out to discover if old Gray Lock is on our path again. Here, if I mistake not, is the spot where the savages killed my father in '75, and if they are not brought to terms soon I will myself lead the scouts out to teach the Indians a lesson. A messenger! Ho, there! What news?

Messenger:

A letter for one Benjamin Wright, from Boston.

Benjamin Wright:

Then the very one you want addresses you. A letter! with the Court's seal! I cannot delay knowing if our petition to become a town is settled. (Opens the letter and reads.) Praise God! Praise God! Praise God! It is true! I have lived to see the day when we can stand on our feet alone; a town of our own making! Come on! Come on, you savages! We'll fight you! I say we'll fight you till you haven't a red skin left! A town meeting we'll have this very day! Hear ye! Hear ye! Town meeting tonight! Hear ye! Hear ye! Town meeting tonight!

CHARACTERS.

Benjamin Wright.....	Rev. R. Edward Griffith
Jos. Alexander.....	Leon R. Alexander (descendant)
Samuel Partridge.....	Albert S. Gordon
Henry Dwight.....	T. R. Callender
Eleazar Mattoon.....	Lucky O. Clapp
Messenger.....	Edward Morgan

Ralph O. Leach
Clifford Field
Joseph R. Colton
Lawrence H. Lazelle
E. F. Howard
Herbert H. Chamberlin
H. M. Bristol
Albert Irish

A. S. Merrill
Herbert A. Reed
Alexander Pearson
C. L. Johnson
Dr. G. T. Thompson
F. H. Montague
C. E. Bittinger



The Minuet. Colonial Group—Episode IV, Scene 3. Vernon, Vt.,
and West Northfield townspeople

EPISODE IV.

SCENE I.

"Star of the unconquered will, thy name is Courage."

Assembly of men and women, 1774.

Elihu Lyman:

Friends and neighbors, what think you of the news of the
Stamp Act that reaches us today?

Captain Eldad Wright:

We consider it both unjust and unfair.

All:

Unjust! Aye, and unfair!

Elihu Lyman:

Are we free men of the colonies or not?

All:

We are!

Elihu Lyman:

As free men, shall we submit to this injustice?

All:

We shall not!

Elihu Lyman:

Is there anything we can do?

All:

Aye! Aye! Aye!

Men:

We can and shall refuse taxation!

Women:

We can refuse English goods! We will spin and weave and make our own!

Men:

We will endeavor to supply our own wants, and resume with new fervor the production of our supplies, for——

All:

—we rebel against injustice! Our ancestors were led by courage to purchase the land and possess it! We are inheritors of their courage and of this land, and insist that we are free citizens of the American colonies!

SCENE II.

The Lexington alarm reached Northfield at noon, April 20, 1775.

Messenger:

To arms! To arms! The British are at Lexington! To arms!

SCENE III.

Elihu Lyman beat the long roll, and the Northfield men were soon on the way to Cambridge.

Impersonated by Vernon (Vt.) and West
Northfield townspeople.

Elihu Lyman.....Rev. Alfred Evans
Captain Wright.....H. E. Powers
Little Girl.....Thelma Holton
(10th generation)

Mrs. Rena Vaughan	Howard Buffum
Florence Weatherhead	Alfred Evans
Helen Hughes	Mrs. Alfred Evans
Olive Martindale	Florence Ainsworth
W. E. Derrig	Lillian LaCount
Mrs. W. E. Derrig	Carl Derrig
Kathleen Gerrish	John Miner
Edith Gerrish	C. H. Wilson
Maude Radway	Philip Holton
Mildred Prescott	Mrs. Josie E. Holton
Beatrice Prescott	A. V. Jillson
Charles Norman	Claudia Twiss
Gladys Brown	W. P. Phetteplace
Roland Stuart	Charles Browning
Hattie Johnson	Archie Ainsworth
Dwight Johnson	Charles Hale
Mary Frost	Dorothy French
Lawrence Johnson	Gladys French
Ionia Johnson	Marion Ainsworth
Lillian Ainsworth	George Nickerson
Henry Johnson	William Walker
Gertrude Brown	P. W. Burrows
Ellen Johnson	Mrs. P. W. Burrows
Leon Brooks	S. J. Martineau
Edward Church	Mrs. S. J. Martineau
Mrs. Edward Church	Leon Pike
Leonard Beach	Maynard Miller

Grace Johnson
Doris Ross
Harold Miner

H. E. Powers
Clyde Sherwin

EPISODE V.

"The vision of achievement made real by Courage."

In 1815 Timothy Swan was a renowned hat maker.

SCENE I.

Broom corn was raised early in 1800, but did not develop as an industry until some years later. By 1830 broom making was an established business.

March of the Ladies of the '30's and their Brooms.

LADIES WITH BROOMS.

(Entrance in order named).

CAST.

Mrs. Osgood L. Leach	Mrs. C. A. Parker
Mrs. Mabel Morgan	Miss Annie Merriman
Mrs. Robert McNeil	Mrs. R. O. Leach
Mrs. Charles L Gilbert	Mrs. Lucy Ross
Mrs. Ernest C. Field	Miss Florence Adams
Mrs. F. H. Montague	Mrs. Frank V. Wood
Mrs. Murray Hammond	Mrs. Oren Darling (83 years old)

SCENE II.

In 1855 some 155,000 brooms were made in Northfield.

Dance of the Corn Husk Dolls.

CORN HUSK DOLLS.

Emma Bigelow	Erma Stebbins
Sophie Bolinski	Stella Sleva
Annie Hudzik	Ellen Callaghan
Jennie Cembalisty	Mary Callaghan

Gladys Lapan
Mary Repeta
Sadie Whitney
Elizabeth Whitney
Flora Fisher
Ruth Hammond
Polly Parker
Helen Letwinsky
Cora Smolen
Flora Callaghan
Polly Saczawa
Catherine Gray
Amelia Urgielewicz
Ellen Bolton
Alberta Lane
Annie Skibnouski
Julia Alexander
Harriet Atkinson
Elinore Bryant
Katherine Cotter
Georgia French
Anne Gordon
Dorothy Johnson
Priscilla Porter
Polly Pattison
Helen Urgielewicz
Elizabeth Kasandi
Elsie Tiffin Smith
Sophie Szeszowieki
Evelyn Hill
Ellen Gardner
Marjorie Field
Eunice Holton
Elsie Havercroft
Minnie Szeszowieki
Marion Bistrek
Edna Bistrek
Doris Clough

Stella Zabko
May Dymierski
Peter Bartus
Josie Bartus
Elsie Tenney
Edith Miner
Josie Scryba
Alice Black
Minnie Repeta
Dorothy Quinlan
Frances Callaghan
Edna Sleva
Anna Saczawa
Bessie Cembalisty
Virginia Clapp
Mary Franco
Eveline Haven
Nellie Gmyrek
Esther Schyrba
Jane Callaghan
Catherine Sacrava
Rose Ladzinski
Anna Schryba
Cora Sleva
Ruth French
Elizabeth Gordon
Mary Plotczyk
Marion Newton
Evangeline Kelly
Pauline Malbon
Esther Maynard
Miriam Moody
Dorothy Newton
Dorothy Pearson
Marian Bittinger
Helen Nye
Stella Skibnouski
May Thompson



Civil War Wedding—Episode VI. Impersonated by townspeople of Hinsdale, N. H.

Christine Gray
Helen Szeszowieki
Evelyn Havercroft
Esther Havercroft
Gladys Hill
Blanche Hill
Mary Ruir
Elsie Whitney
Tessie Bolinski

Mildred Hallock
Marion Wells
Charlotte Shearer
Annie Bartus
Catherine Scoble
Virginia Stevens
Elizabeth Ostroski
Elizabeth Eastman
Helen Zabko

EPISODE VI.

War Wedding of the Sixties.

"Go forth, armed with right and justice, with Courage to guide you."

Impersonated by townspeople of Hinsdale, N. H.

SCENE I.

Arrival of the Guests.

SCENE II.

The Wedding.

SCENE III.

The Departure of the Soldiers.

SCENE IV.

The Soldier's Farewell.

SCENE V.

The Wedding Guests.

CAST.

Bride: Sybil Stearns
Groom: Winfred F. Robertson
Bride's Mother: Ida Stratton
Minister: Roy D. Taylor

BRIDESMAIDS.

Lamoile Langworthy	Velma Bruce
Eileen O'Brien	Elizabeth Kimball
Mildred Merritt	Dorothy White
Teresa Golden	Ruth Browning
Elizabeth Hinchey	Hilda Sawyer
Mildred Booth	Mildred Pike
Lila Stewart	Priscilla Fay
Elizabeth Hall	Marjorie Fay

SOLDIERS.

Jessie W. Field	Lloyd H. Pickett
Fred A. Buckley	Leland A. Johnson
Frank O. Packard	Henry Tacey
Charles F. Dickerman	Winfred Brooks
Steven O. Packard	Cleveland Standclift
Joseph A. Howe	Milton Bigsby
Frank C. Dickerman	Fred Dickerman
Roy E. Pierce	Clayton Stanclift
Clarence G. Walker	Percy Stewart
Elmer F. Coons	Frank Stetson
Louie E. Dickerman	Harlan Owen
Clarence E. Howe	Raymond Smith

GUESTS AT THE WEDDING.

Doris M. Garfield	Eleanor Jeffords
Elizabeth C. White	Elizabeth R. Stearns
Marion R. Stearns	Eva S. Fay
Hannah H. Pike	Cora H. Smith
Abbie H. Robertson	Mollie H. Booth
Mary Lamb	Phila B. Leonard
Ellen C. W. Kimball	Charlotte Sheehan
Clara L. Stearns	Ellen Stearns
Bertha D. Moyer	Doris Stearns
Mary J. Barron	Villa Howe
Fannie E. Bouchie	Bernice Langworthy
Jennie R. Nims	Corrine Stewart
Rose H. Jeffords	Nettie Stewart

Lena H. O'Neal	William Walter
Bessie Bodine	Ralph Wallace
Helen Hildreth	Leonard Young
Clara Stearns	Robert Dickerman
Maude Dickerman	George E. Robertson
Eva C. Robertson	Frank W. Jeffords
Louis N. Stearns	Gustavus S. Smith
Harold S. Garfield	Harry J. J. Lasher
Michael D. White	Joseph R. Reddin
Willis D. Stearns	Eldon Sargeant
Ezra B. Pike	George Howe
Clarence B. O'Neal	Alonzo Hudson
John M. Lamb	Ivan Harlow
Clarence R. Hildreth	John W. Royce
John Finn	John Cook
Montville Crafts	L. H. May
Thomas Rouillard	Leo Marshall
Clarence Bevis	Walker Kimball
Paul Young	Roy Merritt
Ernest Adams	Harold White
Gordon Moyer	Prentice W. Taylor

EPISODE VII.

"The path of Progress, lit by a guiding star."

The Procession of Vehicles.

The Pillion.

Rev. Benjamin Doolittle and his bride arrived in Northfield to preach in November, 1717.

Families traveled to settle in a new place in ox cart or flat wagon.

Ebenezer Field, the first blacksmith, and his wife, the first teacher, arrived from Deerfield in 1721.

The Stage Wagon of 1750, sometimes called a "Flying Machine."

The two-wheeled chair of Jonathan Belding, 1763.

The stage from Worcester, 1797, brought also mail to the newly established post office.

Early in 1800 several townsmen owned a one-horse chaise.

The Phaeton of the Victorian Period.

The Carry-all.

EPISODE VIII.

"A Star to Guide."

Impersonated by Springfield-Northfield Neighbors and Northfield Public Schools.

SCENE I.

The World.....	{	Henry Lyman, June 22
Man.....		Joseph Waite, June 23
Youth.....		Fred W. Crane
Poverty.....		Ethel F. Jackson
Wisdom.....		Mrs. Henry Lyman
Learning.....		Rhoda Lyman
Wealth.....		Mary S. Field
Inspiration.....		Mrs. Fred H. Watson
Hope.....		Mrs. Arthur Miller
Endeavor.....		Florence B. Lyman
		Mrs. Walter C. Fisher

Wisdom and Learning follow in the wake of the *World*. *Unlearned Youth* is striving for *Wisdom* and *Learning*. *Poverty* holds her back. She struggles on, but *Wealth* stands in her way. *Man* sees her brave attempt; he starts to her aid, when suddenly *Inspiration* comes to him, showing *Hope* and *Endeavor*, which he in turn brings to *Unlearned Youth*. *Poverty* falls back and also *Wealth*, and *Hope* and *Endeavor* help *Youth* at last to succeed in following *Wisdom* and *Learning*.

In 1829 the Northfield Academy of Useful Knowledge was incorporated as a school and continued as an institution of learning until 1843.

Bells Song.

School bells! Clear on the air they ring
Through all the years
To youths and maids their warning message bring.
School bells! Calling them all in line—
Calling to school the boys and girls of 1829.

Girls:

Tell us truly what you have there.

Boys:

We have our Greek and our Latin prose,
And also Cicero.
Tell us, pray do, what you have there.

Girls:

The deep and weighty classics.

All:

These are things we know.

A select school for boys and girls succeeded the Academy of Useful Knowledge, and was the main source of instruction for the youth of the middle nineteenth century.

Bells Song.

School bells! Clear on the air they ring
Through all the years,
To youths and maids their warning message bring.
School bells! Telling of work to do
At the select school for the boys and girls of '52.

Boys:

Tell us, pray do, what things you learn.

Girls:

We learn to paint and to draw and sing,
We also learn to sew.
Tell us, truly, what you best know.

Boys:

At Euclid rules we labor—
These are things we know.

The Northfield Seminary was founded by Mr. Dwight L. Moody in 1879. Inspiration came to him to give to worthy girls the opportunity for the education they might earnestly desire.

The first graduation was in 1884, with a class of twelve.

Bells Song.

School bells! Clear on the air they ring
Through all the years,
To youths and maids their warning message bring
Ring out! Still sweeter than before;
School days are through, life starts anew for the girls
of '84.

Girls:

Ring out, sweet bells! We won this day,
With Hope to guide, and Endeavor, too,
To lead us on our way.
Life shows other ways, yet there appears
Endeavor leading onward through future years.

BELLS.

Esther Morgan	Helaine Hill
Gertrude Irish	Evelyn Atwood
Winifred Irish	Gladys French
Dorothy French	Bernice Billings

CLASS OF 1829.

Acton Civill	Estelle Sword
Lewis Wood	Grace Lavelle
Leon Dunnell	Ethelynd Sheldon
Paul Judson	Ruth Gordon
Malcolm Billings	Sophie Glabach
Linwood Bryant	Annie Kelly
Chandler Holton	Agatha Podlenski
Vincent Barnes	Esther Tenney
Fred Irish	Elsie Holton

CLASS OF 1852.

Lawrence Quinlan	Ida Sheldon
Ione Miller	Walter Aldrich
James Dale	Helen Whitney
Clara Hill	Dean Williams
Francis Reed	Anna Bistrek
Elizabeth Royce	Richard Clough
Stanley Bistrek	Kathleen Gerrish
Elizabeth Cembalisky	Gordon Reed
Clinton Ware	Anna Urgielewicz

CLASS OF 1884.

Edna Cullen	Vera Barrnes
Alice Taber	Lucy Stewart
Mary Turtle	Mildred Pearson
Gladys Elithorpe	Nellie Vaughn
Elizabeth Dickens	Jean Hall
Eva Nassif	Dorothy Judson

EPISODE IX.

"The quenchless star—Courage."

World War Scene.

Clear rang the trumpet, War's martial sound,
Rousing the men across the sea.
Quick came their help, when they rallied 'round
To fight where the need of their strength might be.

They came with drums and with marching feet;
Brave, in their youth, with cheer and song;
Their eyes were bright with quenchless hope,
With eager hope, as they marched along.

Ah, they fought—those men—those gallant youth!
And they fought with a courage we can't forget!
And a mighty throng are dead and still—
They are wounded—dying—but *fighting yet!*

With faltering strength they look to us;
 Look to the land so brave and great!
 They're waiting—watching—for our men!
 Will they come—will they come *too late*?

Hasten, men! Prove your country's pride
 In the land that mighty deeds spring from!
 Let those heroes shout from ev'ry side—
 O, God be praised! The Americans come!

Spirit of Northfield.....Miss Ida E. Leavis

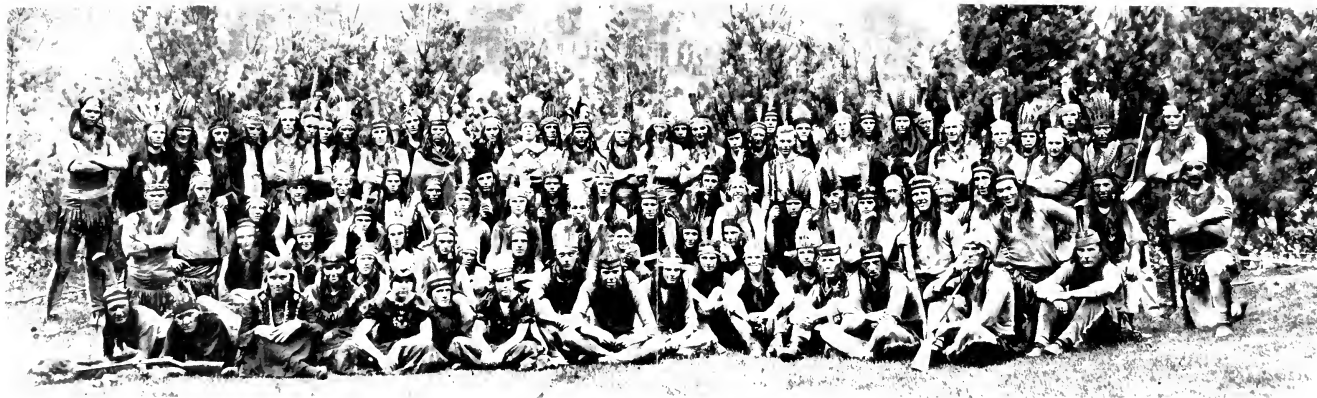
I am the Spirit of Northfield! Let me know sacrifice, and
 let me know sorrow; for I shall also know that I am on the side
 of the oppressed. Gladly and freely, then, I give my sons to
 you, in the name of humanity.

AMERICAN LEGION.

Arthur Dorr	L. W. Clarke
Ector Wallet	A. M. Johnson
Richard G. Holton	M. H. Snow
Fred Huber	H. D. Parker
Max Huber	H. W. Nims
Charles Schauwecker	W. L. Ross
Max Stedenfeld	W. C. Reed
Albert Spencer	J. N. Lincoln
Edward H. Fleming	T. Pedersen
Clarence M. Steadler	R. R. Johnston
George McEwan	Paul Jordan
L. E. Smith	Charles La Bella
F. C. Schauwecker	Fred Tanski
T. M. Daniel	Harry Murray
H. C. Risdon	Fred Bolton
L. W. Minor	Harold Thomas
C. G. Ross	John Broderick
G. T. Parkinson	Miles Morgan
H. L. Dickinson	

JUSTICE.

Mrs. Frances Bickford Allen of Greenfield



Indians—Episodes I and II



Final Scene—Episode X

SPIRIT OF NORTHFIELD.

Ida E. Leavis

EPISODE X.

"The Guiding Star."

History. Mrs. Ambert G. Moody

I am History! For you I have turned back the page of Time to show you Progress, leading men through the wilderness; Religious Freedom, the beginning of Democracy and Justice, and Education, and Industry. I have shown you Patriotism, who has inspired men to do all things—to be all things for the land we love best. And these have been day-stars of night. But, greatest of all, I have shown you Courage, the guiding star; and finally, the Spirit of Northfield, with her inheritance of achievement and her responsibility to achieve.

CLOSING SCENE—ENTIRE CAST OF 750.

Chorus.

Tune, "America the Beautiful."

O Northfield, fair the green-clad fields
Thy girdling hills unfold;
But fairer still the words and deeds
Of all thy men of old.
What stories, brave and fine and true,
Of all thy early years;
No threading stream through valley wide
So fair and bright appears.

With strength and will to stand the fight,
Each heart with hope was thrilled;
With glorious courage, step by step,
Their vision was fulfilled.
O Northfield, guard thy honored name;
Let Courage shine afar,
Down all the years, a beacon light,
To be thy guiding star.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Three of Northfield's beautiful Colonial homes were opened to welcome all guests. Hostesses wore old-time gowns; rare laces, tapestries, shawls, paintings, crystal, jewelry, miniatures, coins and varied heirlooms were displayed. Grounds were gay with Japanese lanterns, and all front windows were illuminated throughout the town. The Northfield Historical Society, Mr. Joseph W. Field, president, arranged in Dickinson Memorial Library Hall a very interesting historical exhibit. Original deeds of purchase given by the Indians to the first settlers, together with other priceless documents collected by the late Charles H. Webster, were a center of interest.

Here the Northfield Orchestra, directed by Mr. J. W. Field, gave a program.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 23.

High School Grounds.

ATHLETIC EVENTS.

John Broderick, chairman.

The program of sports included contests in jumping, running, shot-putting; and a baseball game between married and single men, won by the former twelve to four. Ribbons were awarded.

AFTERNOON.

Under the fine old elms of the High School campus, with June brooding over the near-by valley and distant hills, Northfield's children from far and near gathered for a basket lunch and social hour. Many present were lineal descendants of the original settlers.

At 2:30 the assembly was called to order by Dr. Norman P. Wood for the afternoon programme.

Singing by the schoolchildren—Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. Prayer offered by Rev. Daniel M. Wilson.

Letters were read from various towns and people, banks, etc., Turners Falls Board of Trade. A poem "Boyhood" by Edgar

A. Guest, sent by Fred H. Johnson of Jackson, Mich., was read by Mrs. A. G. Moody.

Singing by the schoolchildren; the cantata, Columbus, written by Joaquin Miller.

Dr. Wood.

Fellow Citizens and Friends of Northfield:

The Committee elected by the town to arrange for this celebration, believing that the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of this town,—a town which for more than twenty years stood as the bulwark of the western frontier civilization which was emanating from the civilization established by the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock—which has converted a wilderness into cultivated fields and prosperous and refined homes, thought it was of enough importance as an epoch-making event to have the Governor of our Commonwealth with us on this occasion.

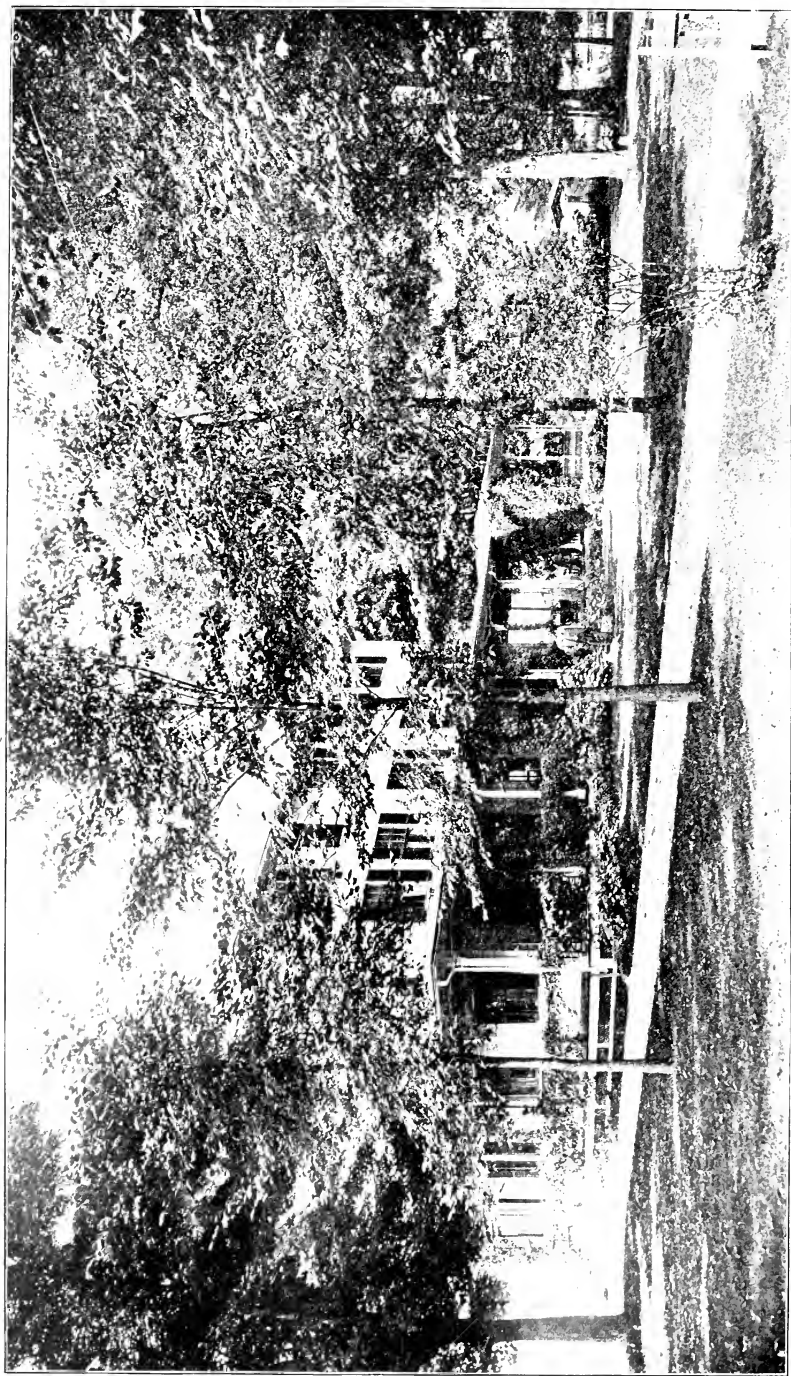
More than eighteen months ago a letter was sent to His Excellency inviting him to be with us at this time. He replied that he did not care to make a definite engagement so early but would consider it later. But, when that later time came, other duties of larger import compelled him to decline our invitation. Nevertheless, we believed the Commonwealth should be represented by one of her executive servants and so the Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives is here to-day to represent our Commonwealth, The Hon. Benjamin Loring Young.

B. Loring Young.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is indeed a great pleasure to be with you to-day, although I am sure that you deeply regret the absence of His Excellency the Governor, whose difficult work as Chief Executive of the Commonwealth makes it, to his great regret, impossible for him to attend all the public gatherings of citizens in this Commonwealth at which he would like to be present. And so it devolves upon me to bring, in his absence, the greeting of the Governor of the Commonwealth to this, one of its most ancient and loyal towns.

I could not help feeling, as I came from the town in which I



Pentecost House. In stage-coach days this building was known as Blake's Tavern, a competitor of a similar hostelry known as Hunt's Tavern, now "The Beehive." It was the residence of Dr. George F. Pentecost from about 1880 to 1910, and was occupied previously for a number of years by Captain Duncan, the sea captain in Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." It was torn down in 1915 and the landed property was given in 1921 by Miss A. M. Spring to The Northfield Schools for the establishment of a missionary colony, to be known as the Spring Memorial Gardens

live in Middlesex County, that I was coming through the various towns which your ancestors knew well in those early days. It has been my pleasure to be associated closely with the town of Concord, not as a resident, but as representative from Concord in the House of Representatives of the state for the past eight years. And I know the people of the town well enough to be sure, that they would, one and all, wish me in their name and behalf to extend to Northfield the hearty congratulations of that ancient town of Concord, the first town the Puritans settled away from the coast; the first step made from the shore where the eye could glance over the sea back to the home country, the first step inland, the first step in the great march of progress that was taken from the Atlantic coast to Concord, thence to Northfield, and so on to the Pacific coast.

And after leaving Concord I came through the ancient town of Groton—your chairman spoke of it as being the nearest town-neighbor on the east when Northfield was settled. When we think to-day of the length of time, even with modern transportation, taken to get from Groton to Northfield, we appreciate the courage and faith which prompted the early residents of this community to come so far from the centers of population in the eastern part of the state, as well as the other great settlements that had already been made lower down in the valley.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, in the year of our Lord 1673, this little settlement of sixteen families established here the first English-speaking community within the limits of your town, and you, their descendants, do well to celebrate this historical and important occasion. They were true pioneers, pushing into the forests and wilderness, the outposts of English-speaking civilization. They were under constant menace from hostile Indians; they had to face the terrible rigors of the New England winters. They must have realized that the lives of many of them would be sacrificed, to make certain that the later settlement of their children, their successors, could be made permanent.

They suffered grave dangers on the northern frontiers of the Connecticut Valley; they were the hope of English-speaking civilization during that long struggle which waged generation after generation with savage tribes and with the French of Canada

who, with their Indian allies, used to come down through the wilderness and harass and ravish these outposts of English settlements. Truly their descendants do well to celebrate their courage and faith and valor, which made possible this permanent settlement here in the Connecticut Valley.

Massachusetts is celebrated throughout the nation and the world for many things: She is celebrated for great industrial development. It needs no words of description to bring to your minds the tremendous industrial expansion which has taken place in the last century. Yet, more than for mere wealth of industrial resources, Massachusetts is known for intellectual and moral leadership of the nation; and that leadership has depended in large measure on towns like Concord and Groton and Plymouth and other small towns throughout the state; and that is the line which I in a rather feeble way will try to bring home to you to-day.

I would like, if time permitted, to go into all the episodes that have taken place in this town; but I know that work has been intrusted to a man, one of your own sons, who is well fitted for the task, who knows the town from early associations and deep and enduring love; and I realize that to-morrow you will have the pleasure of hearing a detailed account of the town of Northfield from Mr. Parsons.

For two hundred and fifty years this little town has been in the practice of self-government. I do not recall the exact date when you received the charter as a town from the General Court, but even before that I am sure your freemen met in town meeting to decide upon your local affairs. And so to-day your community can look back upon two and a half centuries of successful self-government. When Napoleon conquered Europe, your people could look back on a century of successful local self-government; and to-day you can in your town records look back over a period within which practically all of the great powers of the world have risen, and fallen to the dust. I believe it is a tribute to the wisdom of our forefathers that they were able here in New England to establish a system of local government which represented local opinion more closely than any similarly constituted local government throughout the world; and some of the principles which make the

New England town meeting successful I want to bring to your minds to-day.

The town meeting is the best school of self-government in all the world. It is the best training for public life which can anywhere be found. It develops among all the people a sound common sense and instinct for fair play, both absolutely vital in a democracy. Its emphasis lies on the equality of the product. It has never worshiped that false doctrine of modern life that quantity, whether it be of dollars, brick and stone, or men, is greater than quality.

Go back through the history of Massachusetts and recall the number of real leaders in civic thought who have been trained in the old New England town meeting—how many of our governors, chief justices, of our great leaders here and in Washington, drew their first inspiration from the debates in their own little hill towns of Western Massachusetts. And if you were to go into the details of that, you would be surprised at the proportion of the leaders of Massachusetts (a number far greater than the numerical strength of the towns would make one expect) who have come from her small towns and villages.

The greatest of the lessons which has been taught by the New England town meeting, is the giving to every citizen the opportunity to express his thought and have his opinions aired in the open; and it is that fact which I wish to emphasize especially, because I feel to-day our ancient American tradition of individual freedom is being threatened in many directions. I take it that all inheritors of Anglo-Saxon civilization will agree with me that individual freedom is the crowning note of our prosperity; that freedom of religious thought, freedom of thought, freedom of conscience, freedom of speech within the reasonable limits of criminal law are of all our blessings the most essential and mighty in our plan of government. Now to-day there seems to be a tendency among the American people to discount the value and importance of them. To-day, when a group of men make up their minds that a certain thing should be done, or a certain idea in government, in economic or social life is correct, they seek to enforce their laws on their fellow men either by coercive legislation or by whatsoever means they can in their schemes of economic or social change.

They think men have not the right to differ among themselves, have not the right to express their views.

During and since the war we have seen a great many attempts to make our citizens into one particular mould. The progress of mankind is based upon intellectual freedom. If a community is hemmed in by restrictive laws which prevent men and women from expressing, in spoken or written words, their opinions and ideas, there can be but little increase in information and knowledge, but little advance in civilization. This truth has been recog-



The Auditorium, Northfield Seminary

nized by our ancestors since the days when the great charter was granted by King John. In fact we, the English-speaking peoples of the world, have always prided ourselves that under our institutions of government, freedom of thought, of opinion, of religious belief, and of the press are safeguarded to a greater extent than in any other nation.

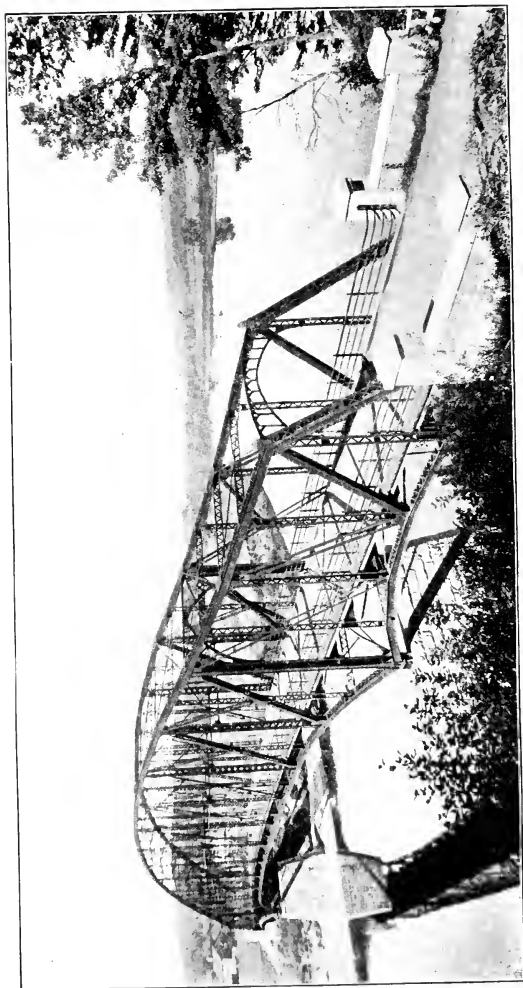
We have seen a great many attempts to try to force American citizenship into one particular mould of loyalty. Now I yield to no man in my appreciation of the doctrine that there must be one

and only one allegiance, and one kind of Americanism; but we must never forget that devotion to country comes from the heart, not from the head; that sentiments of patriotism are not founded upon belief, or upon any kind of logical reasons. We must lead people, rather than drive them, to make true American citizens.

There are questions that must be discussed and considered by the people more and more during the next few years. I have no criticism, no quarrel with anybody that disagrees with me. That is his or her complete and absolute right. Let us bring this difficult question out into the open, so that we can all hear every man's point of view upon it. Let us recognize that the great problem of America to-day is to merge into a common citizenship all the diverse elements which have come to this country within the last three hundred years. Our people come from all parts of the world; they have many different forms of religious faith; and we must recognize that they cannot be forced to see everything as we see it, to look exactly like ourselves, to consider every public question from exactly our point of view. That the problem is difficult makes it all the more important.

Now of this spirit of intolerance among the American people the most dramatic instance is the wide-spreading influence in some parts of America of a secret organization, known as the Ku Klux Klan. I consider it of no importance in Massachusetts. In the free air of this Commonwealth it will never assume any considerable proportions. But in Little Rock, Arkansas, a man dare not run for public office unless he is indorsed by this secret organization. In Kansas and Oregon it is a menacing movement, also in Texas. In many states, not merely in the far South, where the Ku Klux Klan was first started, but in the West and parts of the East this organization is assuming widespread proportions.

The Ku Klux Klan is hateful because it operates in secret—not like a town meeting where you get up and say what you think, and your opponent can say what he thinks. Hateful, because it strikes down and stamps in the dust those sacred guarantees which are the fundamental rights of all the English-speaking nations of the world—the guarantees of freedom of conscience and thought. Now I believe that this movement is started on the down grade very fast, owing to the constant publicity that is given it. I now



Schell Bridge, crossing the Connecticut River between East and West Northfield, erected in 1903 in memory of Robert and Mary Schell of New York by their son, Francis Robert Schell

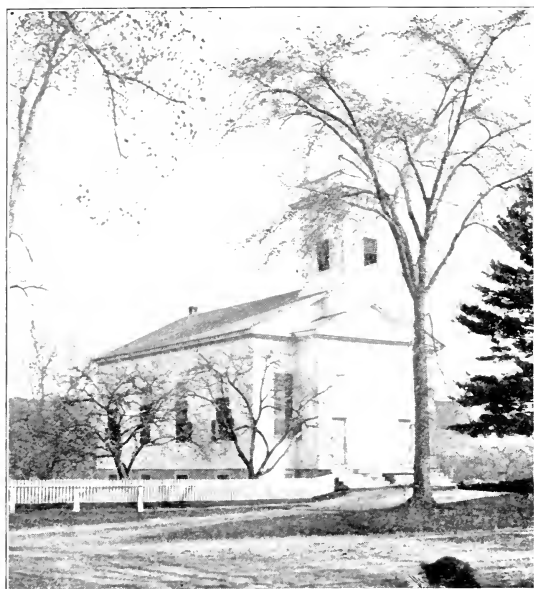
speak of it only because it is an incident in American life, the spirit of intolerance which has occurred in the past, and will in the future.

Nothing, my friends, can justify a political movement in America based on race and religion. It is false to every premise in American government. It is false to every word and line in the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States; and in practice it would make impossible what its supporters would like to bring about. I give them due credit for sincerity. They would like to bring about a time when all Americans agreed in political equality and religious views. But it is impossible to make people alike by coercion, whether by law or by persecution.

Now I would speak of the Oregon School Law. It gives great offense to a large element of the American population. I am perfectly certain it will be heard from. I believe in the American public school system; I believe in it absolutely and have always said so. But I believe, nevertheless, that the citizens, the family, the father and mother, have some rights with regard to their children. Now in the state of Oregon last fall, by vote of the people, a law was passed making it a crime for any parent to send any child to any school except one of the schools created by the law of the state of Oregon, the regular public school system of the state.

Consider for a moment how that would operate. At the time this act took place it applied only to children between the ages of eight and sixteen, and it does not apply to children who have completed the eighth and ninth grades in school. It is based on the theory (a theory with which all have grappled) that it would be a good thing to mix up Americans in one school system. I need not go into an argument on that. We can see the possibility of good in such an idea. But cannot we also see that this remedy of compulsion of the citizens is worse than the disease it seeks to cure? Cannot you see that the moment you say "You must come here; you must be educated in no other place but the very place we put you"—that you have done something which was never contemplated in the America you have made? But I do not believe the American people of to-day will approve of any system of government which puts the state in place of the parent.

Now, let us go into a little greater detail: let us admit the right of the state to insist upon school attendance, to make reasonable regulations and perhaps requirements of study. Let us admit that public funds should never be used for parochial schools, and that the school system is one of the greatest assets of our governmental institutions. But now comes the point: Shall we go beyond this point, and shall we claim the state has a right to stop, under pen-



First Trinitarian Congregational Church built in
1829. Burned on December 20, 1910

alty of fine and imprisonment, any parent from sending his children to these schools here in the town of Northfield, the Mount Hermon School, and the school for young ladies—Northfield Seminary? Consider the great educational institutions of Exeter, Andover, and Lincoln Hill schools, where the sons of the vice president of the United States are now studying, and others. Is it a wise thing for the state to say—“We compel the education of the child. You must send him to one particular school, and you cannot educate him in any other way except as we say”?

I believe the legislature of Massachusetts is a splendid body, and I think most state legislatures are. At the same time I do not want to have an absolutely state-controlled, stabilized system of education. I do not want it put in the power of any political party to assume control of the government and then absolute control of education throughout the community. I want every citizen to still retain the liberty which he is granted in the Constitution, to think and believe, the right to say what he thinks about his own children in his own home or in a private school, if he desires to have them there. And I believe any authority which would strike down that individual right would be disastrous in its final application. This is fatal, as has been proved in Germany, where the state's insistence on a narrow, national and militaristic training brought on Prussianism in its worst form. It is substitution of Prussian authority for Anglo-Saxon freedom.

Now turn from those examples to other aspects of this problem. I had occasion to read in the papers only a day or two ago an abstract of a report issued by the Mayor of New York, condemning as British propaganda many textbooks of American history. As I happen to know some of the gentlemen who wrote them, one of them Professor Hart, I wrote him and asked if he would send me the full copy, of forty thousand words. I noticed this report was signed by Mr. David Hirschfield, commissioner of accounts. Why he should qualify as an expert, I do not know; but he was assigned to the task—and no doubt he did it well, in accordance with the views of certain gentlemen and of Mayor Hylan. And I find in that report that this gentleman cannot tolerate freedom of expression in anyone, and is unable to let other people disagree with him on anything. He denounces Professors Hart, West, McLaughlin, C. H. Van Tyne, and a number of others, as being disloyal Americans, and as being in the pay of other British associations, because, forsooth, they have cast some doubt on some of the earlier stories, and question whether Washington in fact did cut down the cherry tree, or whether he ever said "damn" in his life. To my mind, this is the most villainous thing which has been done in public affairs within recent years. Here again we have the same spirit of intolerance: because my neighbor does not agree with me about some social or educational question to-day; because

he does not agree with me, he is not a desirable citizen, and what he says must be excluded from libraries and everything else. The people are to know only my side of the controversy. Choke freedom of speech; stop freedom of the press.

The greatest thing in American life to-day is the harking back to those fundamental principles of freedom of mind and thought that have made America great, and which will continue to keep her great, if they are followed. The best way to combat intolerance and bigotry in the other man is to accord to him absolute equality, absolute friendliness, and freedom to express his opinion. I suppose the greatest element which has made for stability in the English nation, in their great empire, has been the freedom of speech they accord to everybody. Anybody who has been in London knows that a man has but to step into Hyde Park and preach doctrines for which a man would be arrested in this country. It is a safety valve for the steam inside. If his hearers get out of patience with him, they pull him off his soap box, another speaker gets on and gives his opinions, and they soon forget all about what was said. It gives one experience later on to speak not only on questions of general education, but on all problems of social life. The fullest freedom of speech should be allowed, within reasonable limits of the criminal law. People who advocate mass action and the general strike must be dealt with in a summary manner.

Northfield has been a leader in civic virtue in Massachusetts for two hundred and fifty years; a leader in the days of Indian warfare, when your people had courage to stand to the death. And in the days of the Revolution, men shouldered their arms and marched from this beautiful valley back into eastern Massachusetts to join the men of Groton and Concord. Northfield was true, not only to the Constitution and flag, but to those great principles of freedom and justice which underlie the Constitution and the flag, the maintenance of which alone justified the beginnings of the American Republic. During the great industrial depression following the war, Northfield again proved true to her early faith. She did not, like so many American communities, worship at the shrine of Moloch and offer her gifts there. She has realized that the spirit of greatness lies within—the spirit of mankind. And

through the accomplishment of one of her sons, two great schools for the instruction of men and women of America were established here.

Northfield will not forget the lessons of the past. You know that loyalty to country is born in the heart, not the brain, and is nurtured by the true spirit of patriotism. True patriotism comes from an instinctive devotion of citizens to their country and flag. Those are the lessons of Northfield and Massachusetts. Let us hope they will never be forgotten by the people of America.

Chairman: We have not suffered because the Governor could not come.

Mayor Bicknell of Northampton was introduced and said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, Sons and Daughters:

The Chairman spoke of the courage required from those from a distance to visit Northfield to-day. I do not think it requires any vast amount of courage for a mother to pay a visit to her daughter, because you will recall in your pageant which you presented yesterday, and which is to be repeated again to-day, that most of the early settlers of Northfield came from Northampton. We couldn't have been old then—only perhaps seventeen or eighteen years old; but old enough to send forth a little band of pioneers, who, even on the hilltops of Northfield, settled a town, this town which as yet has not become as famous in years or perhaps in historical associations as its mother city—but which is destined to be known throughout the world (as has been suggested by the previous speaker) wherever human knowledge recognizes the deeds of men and women. Northfield and Northfield citizens, and the freedom of religion which has been taught here, have gone out and heartened the whole world.

I came here this afternoon to congratulate the citizens of Northfield and the men and women who have gathered here, and say to you that Northampton is proud of her daughter. I bring you her assurance and trust that prosperity may come to you. I trust that you may ever bear aloft the principles of freedom, the true light which has been spoken of by the Speaker of the Commonwealth,—those things which stand for democracy, and which must endure if this country shall endure.



The Northfield. Its grounds extend over an area of about one hundred and twenty-five acres, lying between Notch Mountain and the Connecticut River. From Strawbridge Hill, above the House, one may enjoy an extensive view of the Connecticut Valley, Mt. Toby, the Berkshire and Franklin Hills, and the Green Mountains

I believe that from these hills there came to the men and women who had the hardihood to settle here, who came with a yoke of oxen and spinning wheel (took them probably two or three days to drive from Northampton here, while Professor Wood and myself made it in one and one-half hours this morning)—they, I say, brought here that spirit that was not afraid to face the wilderness. They felt what the poet Bryant expressed when on a hillside over in yonder Plainfield, he saw in that valley a sight very similar to that which you see here—the sun going down, a water fowl sailing low,—and he wrote that immortal poem:

He, Who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long, long way that I must tread alone,
Will guide my steps aright.

The same faith which William Cullen Bryant had, the men and women of Northfield had—and pray God may they ever have it!

America sung by the audience, Professor Lawrence, leader.

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 24.

The Sabbath services of worship were held under the old elms west of the High School. The morning service at eleven o'clock was in charge of Ambert G. Moody. The choirs of the churches in Northfield joined to lead the singing, under the direction of Professor Lawrence.

SONG. Oh, worship the king.

PRAYER. Rev. R. Edward Griffith.

MALE QUARTETTE. I looked beyond the rolling years.

SCRIPTURE READING. Heb. XI: 28 to XII: 3. Rev. J. East Harrison.

SOLO. We would see Jesus. Mrs. William R. Moody.

SERMON. Rev. Horace F. Holton, D. D., Brockton, Mass.

SONG. God of our fathers.

BENEDICTION. Rev. F. W. Pattison.

It was especially fitting that Dr. Horace F. Holton should have been selected to speak at this religious gathering. He is a direct descendant of William Holton, one of the committee which had charge of the settlement of Northfield. Also his father, the late Charles B. Holton of Springfield, and the late Dwight L. Moody were first cousins. Mr. Holton's grandfather lived on a portion of the Holton homestead at Mount Hermon, which land came into possession of the family in 1731. Here Dr. Holton, coming as a motherless boy of four, spent many of his early years, and he lays proud claim to being a Northfield boy. Dr. Holton is now pastor of the Porter Congregational Church at Brockton, Mass.

ANNIVERSARY SERMON.

PERFECTING THE PAST.

The different features of this anniversary are intended to stress the different aspects of Northfield's history. We are here to take account of one phase, without the consideration of which all other aspects are meaningless. The secret of Northfield's greatness and fame is to be found in her religious history. It is the Town Soul that is of great significance.

The last verse of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews suggests our line of thought as we come together here for this Union Church Service. It says, you will recall,—“These all died, not having received the promise, God having provided something better for us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect.”

The parallel between those old Hebrew heroes and the founders of Northfield is not far-fetched. These too were men of faith, adventuring in a strange land, they also were seeking a better country, where, as they said in their original petition to the General Court in 1671, they “might advance Christ's kingdom in order to posterity.” And they too were obliged to endure hardship and suffering, which only too often resulted in death. The parallel leads us further. When the author wrote, “these all received not the promise,” he had in mind the Old Dispensation of the Law in contrast to the New Dispensation of the Gospel. As the pageant of these 250 years passes before us we are made aware of

the wide contrast between their yesterdays and our to-days. As the Old Dispensation of the Hebrew Law could not be made perfect until it came to its completion in the Gospel, so the past as it is represented in these two and a half centuries cannot be made perfect until it is completed in the present and the future. Past, present and future, all belong to one great solidarity, and they cannot be separated. So to-day in this place, with the past behind us, we shall consider our duty in regard to it, how through us it may be perfected.



Trinitarian Congregational Church. Built in 1889

Towns and cities, like people, are known for the contributions which they make to the common life of humanity. One town may be an industrial center, and its product is emblazoned on the billboards of the land. Another may be known for its favorable climate, and people throng to it for rest and play. Still another may rest its fame in some ancient seat of learning, of which it

boasts, to which the youth of the world come for knowledge. But here is a town, known throughout the world, not for its size, but for its soul; not for its climate, but for its atmosphere; not for its material wealth or its industrial products, but for a man, a son, whom she has borne and sent forth to bless the world. Northfield is famed to-day as the birthplace and the work-place of one of the world's great evangelists, Dwight L. Moody; because of him she is to-day known and praised far and wide as a center of learning and of light.

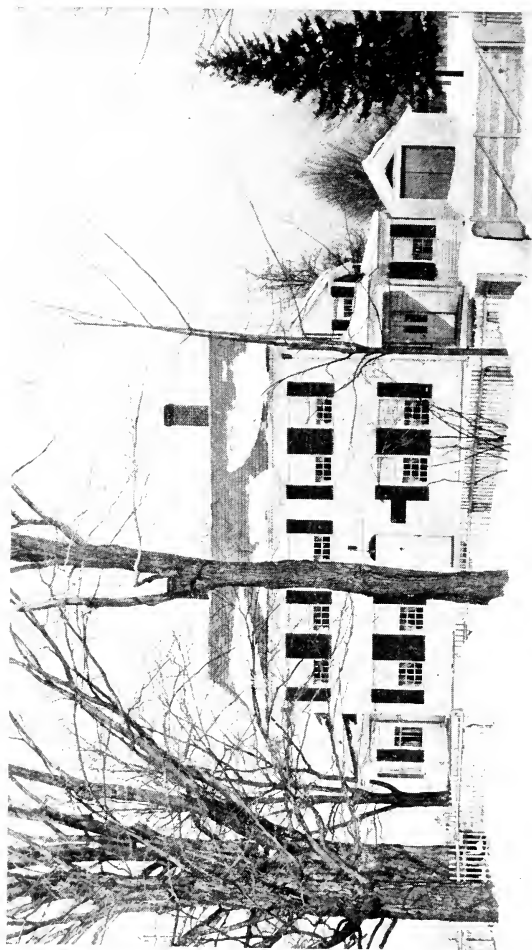
And this Town Soul, the real Northfield, which lies back of the charm of these wonderful surroundings, and which pervades this atmosphere of peace and beauty, is the result of no accident, nor of any whim of fate. And it was not born with the great man who has made the town famous. He was not the creator, he was the product of it. To explain him you will have to go back into Northfield's history, and to the history of New England, of which she is a part. Mr. Moody's genius doubtless was his own, its development the result of his own radiant and resolute will. But the materials of body and mind and spirit, out of which all that came, are to be found back there among his ancestors and ours, in the conditions under which they lived, and by which their characters were moulded.

Ordinary New Englanders they were, these forbears of ours, but New Englanders of the best and most hardy stock. These were pioneers among pioneers. We read in the original petition, before referred to, that they sought to purchase this tract of land from the Indians, "though," as the petition states, "it be uncouth and remote, and we conceive, attended by many difficulties." Of such stuff were they made. Twice driven out by the Indian wars, they returned to possess their heritage. A most interesting commentary upon these days is found in one of the appeals for help which they sent to the officers of the colony. After describing the extreme hardships and peril of their situation, the climax of their distress was that they were deprived of "soul food." When peace came, and at last the settlement was made permanent, they determined first of all to secure a "learned and orthodox minister," who might bring to them this "soul food" for which their spirits pined. As Captain Edward Johnston, a contemporary, says, "It is as un-

natural for a right New Englander to live without an able minister, as it is for a smith to work his irons without fire."

There is no doubt at all that New England, and through her the whole country, was profoundly influenced by the men of God who served the churches during those formative years. Northfield was greatly blessed in this regard. Her ministers were not men who achieved great distinction as theologians, they are not usually listed among the great New England leaders. Yet they were true men, who wisely and well performed their task, and passing, left a deep and abiding influence upon all their people. There are three of them whom we should recall on this occasion with special gratitude.

The first was the Reverend Benjamin Doolittle, who came to the church in 1717, three years after the permanent settlement and remained as pastor until his death in 1749, just as the French and Indian War was ending. He was not only an ordained minister, but a regularly trained and practicing physician. He served acceptably both the bodies and the souls of the people. His skill as a physician, it would seem, was greater than his reputation as a preacher. But that he was a man of scholarship and good sense, a reading of "The Doolittle Narrative" leaves no doubt. A side light on his character is given in the account of a controversy that arose in regard to him in 1736 and 1737. Some of the people of the town had become jealous, apparently, of his growing prosperity in the practice of medicine. They resented being taxed to pay his salary as a minister, when he was earning so much as a doctor. Looking about for some excuse to get him dismissed from the pastorate, they declared him to be guilty of Arminianism. This to them was a grievous and dangerous theologic sin. He was evidently inclined to assert the freedom of man's will against the hard and fast Predestinarianism of orthodox Calvinism. This charge was never aired in open court and so we cannot tell how true it was. But the fact that his opponents attacked him at this point, combined with his dual function of minister and doctor, together with a sermon on "Enthusiasm," which he published in 1743, gives us a pretty accurate impression of this broad-minded, human-hearted priest-doctor, who, during those first thirty-five years of the town's history, dispensed "soul food" to the people.



The Birthplace of Dwight L. Moody, now a memorial owned by The Northfield Schools

Another name that we recall here to-day is that of Reverend John Hubbard, the successor of Dr. Doolittle, who served from 1750 until his death in 1791, a period of forty-four years. This was a time of prosperity for both town and church. While Mr. Hubbard's ministry was devoid of much that was startling, we know that he was a faithful and conscientious pastor, who gave himself whole-heartedly to his work. One episode in this ministry is illuminating. It occurred at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Mr. Hubbard, in common with all other ministers of the Colony, had been accustomed to offer prayers in public, for his Majesty, the King of England. Whether or not he was Royalist in his sympathies, we do not know, but the fact is recorded that after the outbreak of hostilities he continued this custom, very much to the disgust and wrath of some of the younger and more ardent patriots in his congregation. At this time the town was virtually under the control of a Committee of Safety, and this committee decided that these prayers for the King must be stopped. So one Sunday morning, as the service was about to begin, Deacon Samuel Smith, chairman of the committee, arose in his place, and informed the minister that while he would thereafter be allowed to read the Psalms and to preach the sermon, he would be no longer permitted to pray in public. Mr. Hubbard quite properly resented this usurpation of his authority as a priest of God, and refused to submit to the committee's orders. The committee, having thus taken a public stand, felt that it was not consistent with its dignity to retreat. The result was a division in the church and a war of words that lasted for two years. Now of course, if such a thing had happened in Northfield, or in any other town or city in America, during the late World War, it is not difficult for us to imagine what would have happened to so rash and stubborn a preacher. But in 1776 Mr. Hubbard, secure in his position, went on with his ministry, and back of him stood a majority of his strongest and best people. Not that these were by any means Tories, but they were men who stood for freedom of speech, for the authority of the minister, and for a conception of religion that is removed from the dictates of politics and special interests. We are glad to say that after a couple of years the difficulty was satisfactorily adjusted when Mr. Hubbard declared

his loyalty to the cause of the colonies, and his opponents apologized for the manner in which they had undertaken to silence him. He outlived this period of storm and stress, and when he died he had about him a united and devoted people, who gave hearty assent to a summing up of his character made by Dr. Lyman in his funeral sermon: "He loved his people, he loved his Work and he loved his Master."



St. Patrick's Catholic Church. Built in 1886

The third man whom we should mention is the Reverend Thomas Mason. He too left the impress of his influence upon the Soul of Northfield. He was called in 1799 at a salary of \$400, and with the understanding that he was to remain at least twenty years. He did better than that, for it was not until 1830 that he resigned, after a ministry of thirty-one years. Mr. Mason was a graduate of Harvard College, of athletic build and prowess, a man, we are told, of marked ability and force. As might be expected, he took the liberal side in the controversy that split the Congregational churches into the Unitarian and Trinitarian camps.

It is of interest to note that during the first 113 years of the town's corporative existence these three men served as ministers for a period of 108 years. We can easily understand how, in a day of limited educational opportunities and of few books and newspapers, these learned, wise, and broad-minded men shaped the soul of the community, and especially when we consider the original stock with which they had to deal. As a result, we find a sturdy uprightness of character, a sanity of faith, and a breadth of view that mark the New Englander at his best. We do not mean that they were all perfect, these people of Northfield. We know that thrift sometimes became penuriousness, and that positive opinions often became bigoted, so that controversies were frequently bitter. That human nature was much the same as it is now, we infer from the accounts of the heart-burnings and discontent which were engendered when social ranking was established by the assignment of seats in the sanctuary. All these things we take into account, yet we see them as only froth on the surface, underneath which the currents of community life ran true and deep, fed by these men of God, who stood through these long years to be the spiritual and moral mentors of the people.

With all this liberal background in mind some one may raise the question as to how we can say that there has come from such Soul of Northfield the great champion of orthodox faith. On the surface it might seem that while Mr. Moody came from the town, he was not really of it. But if we go a little deeper we may find that, after all, he was a natural and an inevitable product of this environment.

The characteristic thing about Mr. Moody was his marvelous capacity of making religion a reality. Into an age of formal faith, encrusted with the scales of respectability and barren intellectualism, he came, a living, vital, irresistible evangel of the love and the power of God; he came with the call to a personal religious experience that was irresistible. Under the power of his preaching the Bible became indeed a Book of Life, Jesus Christ a personal friend, and God a loving Father. It is not his theology but his vital religious experience that is chiefly significant. Now who



The Homestead, the home of Dwight L. Moody, now the residence of his son,
William R. Moody, president of The Northfield Schools

will say that this power to keep his feet upon the ground while his head was among the stars, this ability so shrewdly to mix common sense with faith, this power to keep his mind steady while his spirit was intoxicated with the presence of the Almighty, was anything else than the product of these generations of men and women, who had lived close to the practical affairs of life, and at the same time had kept their hold on God? As a matter of fact, this is exactly the sort of a background that a great mystic must have if he is to be a prophet that shall lead his people, instead of a dreamer who shall destroy them.

There is yet another evidence that the Town Soul gave direction to the career of her great son. In 1871 the chroniclers of the town, in their admirably written history, after mentioning the excellent work done by the Northfield Academy, established in 1829, and of the Select School for Young Ladies which preceded it, go on to say "The beneficent influence of these schools of higher grade is shown in the general intelligence of the people, and a certain refinement of taste and manners, which at once attract the attention of the stranger." Picture to yourself, now, an ambitious boy, with all the possibilities in him that were afterwards revealed in the career of Mr. Moody, clutched in the circumstance of poverty, desiring an education and not able to get it, and wanting it all the more because of the very atmosphere of culture in which his boyhood was spent, and you can easily understand the impulse that caused this same boy, when he became a man of world-wide fame, to come back here, and give his best energy and effort to building these schools, which have become his most enduring monument.

Doolittle, Hubbard, Mason, Moody,—there is the Northfield apostolic succession. We honor their memory as we gather here to-day. These are our heroes of the faith, whose lives have made splendid the history of the town. These, together with all the others of less distinction, but of no less character, our fathers and grandfathers, and their fathers before them, and the mothers also, these all have entered into the creation of the Soul of Northfield, which speaks to us to-day out of the past.

And what of it, we ask? Shall we leave it here a closed book, or shall it mark but the ending of a chapter? Shall we make

of the past a venerated monument, back to which we shall from now on always be pointing? Or shall we find in this soul of the past an incentive and an inspiration? Shall we not look on it as something still incomplete? Can't we see with all the distinction of this honorable past, that God has provided something better for us, apart from us it shall not be made perfect?

We are living in a new dispensation, far different from the one in which they lived. And how sometimes challenging, and sometimes terrifying it is every one of us knows. The old frontier has long since passed away, but a new one has taken its place. This new one runs through every town, and across the doorsteps of every church in the land. It is the frontier that separates Christianity from Paganism. Organized religion may seem to prosper when we invoke the god of statistics to demonstrate its success. But real religion, the religion of Jesus Christ, which is the spirit of brotherhood and righteousness, of truth and justice, of purity and sincerity of heart, and of personal fellowship with the living God, is struggling for its very life in these days. Instead of being encrusted with the scales of formalism, respectability, and cant, it is now being smothered by a rising tide of materialism. Its enemies are not to be found in science and evolution, but in commercialism, in militarism, and industrial despotism, whether it be of labor or capital. In the face of this grim frontier, the divisions that separate Christian people and divide them into different theological camps are foolish and futile.

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;

They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves must Pilgrims be,

Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,

Nor attempt the future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

The world waits the advent of another Moody, not his duplicate but his spiritual successor, one who will do for this generation what he did for his,—bring men and women back to a vital faith

in God, and to a living fellowship with Jesus Christ in the redemption of the world. We wait for a prophet, who, with the light of God in his face, shall lead his people out of this wilderness of the present into a truly Christian, social, industrial, and international order. And this can come, we are convinced, only as another great spiritual reawakening comes sweeping through the hearts of men.

We wait, and as we wait we work and pray, and we thank God for the opportunity of living in the present with all this past behind us. To-day the Soul of Northfield summons us again, and we hear the voice from the past calling us, and we know that without us, and what we can and will do, it cannot be made perfect!

“Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and the finisher of our faith.”

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

The afternoon service was held at three o'clock with Mr. T. R. Callender presiding.

Invocation by the Rev. Daniel Monroe Wilson.

Selection by the Male Quartette. I would not do without Thee.
Messrs. Porter, Hesselton, Waite, Alexander.

Dr. N. P. Wood read a letter from Mrs. A. A. Preston, regretting her inability to be present, and enclosing a poem, which was read by Rev. Mr. Griffith.

Mrs. Annie A. Preston was born in Vernon, Vermont, in 1840, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Washington Preston. The family bought and moved to the Hilliard place in West Northfield in her early years. She married in 1837 Charles Preston of Northfield. They moved to West Willington, Connecticut, forty years ago where she died in August, 1923.

This poem was written by Mrs. Preston two months before her death especially for the anniversary celebration.

A royal greeting now we voice
To all this day who've gathered here
To celebrate and to rejoice
On Northfield's anniversary year,
With thankful hearts and true accord
In praise and worship of our Lord.

The river was the first highway
Guiding to North-fields wondrous fair.
The red-men begged for many a day
Our sires their fish and game to share.
Failing to live in best accord
They missed, alas, well-done's reward.

The river flowing to the sea
Whose wavelets touch on every shore
Where Northfield's name and fame shall be
A Christian watchword evermore.
Where prayer and service in accord
Promote the teachings of our Lord.

The river, type of love untold,
Of endless joys and life reminds,
And children's children new and old
Shall find these symbols strong to bind
All who love Northfield in accord
With loyalty to trust the Lord.

Singing of Auld Lang Syne by audience.

Mr. Callender: Before introducing the speaker of the afternoon I wish to read an extract from a letter received from the Rev. Dr. Jabez T. Sunderland of New York, a former pastor of the First Parish Church, having reference to the speaker. After expressing regret at not being able to be present on this occasion he writes as follows:

"I am glad you are to have a historical address by Herbert Parsons—the Sunday school boy of almost fifty years ago whom I remember so well and love, and the man of to-day whom I admire and honor for the manly life he is living and the noble work he is doing."



First Parish Church. Dedicated in 1833. Burned on December 25, 1870
Built west of the site of first Northfield church building of 1767
Site of present Unitarian Church

I am sure we can all heartily echo Dr. Sunderland's words of praise. Mr. Parsons needs no introduction to a Northfield audience and it gives me great pleasure to present to you Hon. Herbert C. Parsons of Boston, Deputy Commissioner of Probation for the State.

The Hon. Herbert C. Parsons, a native of Northfield, spent his early life and young manhood in this town. He was a merchant here for some years, later removing to Greenfield where he founded the *Greenfield Recorder* which he conducted for many

years. During his residence in Greenfield, he served with distinction in both branches of the state legislature. Disposing of his interest in the *Recorder* he became an editorial writer on the staff of the *Christian Science Monitor* in Boston until he accepted the position which he now holds as Deputy Commissioner of Probation for the state of Massachusetts.

Address by Hon. Herbert C. Parsons. (Rain descending about 4:20, adjournment was taken to the High School Hall, where Mr. Parsons finished his address.)

Always, when descendants of the New England pioneers gather, there is discoverable in them some of the sturdy traits of their forbears. The one manifest here to-day is endurance. On a hot summer Sunday afternoon, this great number of people have turned from the easy, and the rational, occupation of their leisure and come here to face the terrors of an historical address,—and this after other speeches have covered the same field of history and two presentations in pageantry have made the events within it live again in all their romance and all their significance.

Out of a personal experience in historical celebrations covering a half century, I have a settled opinion that the most dispensable feature of such an affair is that labored production called an historical address. That experience began with Northfield's celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the same event which to-day has its two hundred and fiftieth. My small-boy recollections of that ceremonious affair are brightly tinged with the pink of rather lifeless lemonade, and redolent with the fragrance of peanuts and resounding with the music of the band,—quite undisturbed by any memory of what was said there. The printed records of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association carry a tremendous burden of learned speeches made on that occasion of 1873 but they failed to imprint themselves upon the boyish mind. Nevertheless, there is a story to be told and one that cannot be left untold in justice to the traditions of occasions like this.

It is the story of a country town. For those who gather on its historic ground, under the shade of its ancient elms, in the midst of its natural beauty, to hear the story retold, it is of THE country

town, their town, by the right of possession through many happy memories. And so, of all earth's places the one most dear.

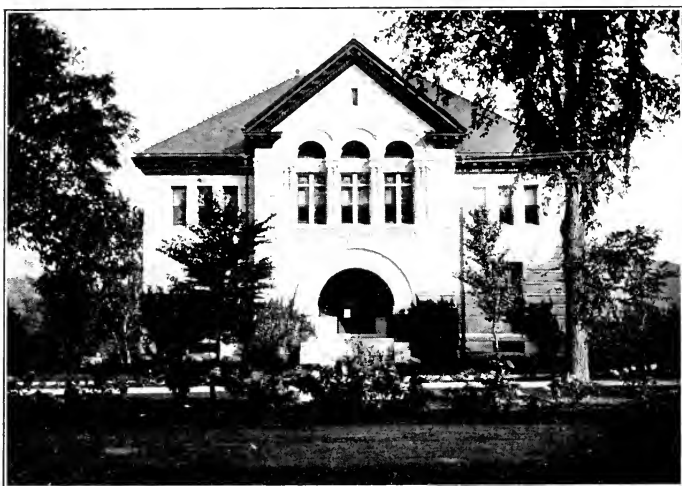
“Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man in every varying clime
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
His home, the spot of earth supremely blessed,
A dearer, sweeter place than all the rest.”

It is the story of a New England town. Hence a renewal of thought of that transplanting to a virgin soil of the spirit of revolt against the restraints of the Old World, here to win through hardship and denial the boon of a new freedom, here to lay the foundations of a new social order, through the creation of communities in which all men were equal and all men brethren.

It is the story of an original Connecticut Valley town. Hence a story of deep suffering, of resolute facing of difficulty and peril, in the effort to capture for civilization a new frontier. It is the story of the farthest outpost in the new advance, from which once and again the pioneers were to be driven back,—unique in that it was not once but thrice settled before the foothold could be made secure.

Could we summon the pioneers who planted here the outpost of civilization and made the effort to hold it against the natives when they turned to foes, and could command their estimate of us, as we are making estimate of them, can we doubt that they would match our pride in their rugged and reverent character with admiration of the outcome of their bold enterprise? They were not dreamers, but if amidst the labors of their rude home building, on some summer evening of 1613 they let their fancy play two centuries and a half into the future it would not have yielded a brighter, fairer Northfield than that of 1923. Nor would their Northfield have been a different one from this.

The conquest of New England was a search for homes. Its impulse was to gain broad fields, to drive the ploughshare, to make the earth yield its plenty, and with the wealth of its return to lift homes to comfort and content. Unfailing thrift, ambition



Dickinson Memorial Library. Gift of Elijah M. Dickinson, a native of Northfield. Built on site of one of the old forts



Old Dutton-Field House and Main Street, 1900
House burned in 1903

for personal possessions, sturdy individuality, yielded to a fellowship in higher purpose, the union of their lives in the making of a community. Reverent, God-fearing, asking the blessing of God upon their every step, seeking a freedom of worship, regardful of learning, respectful of authority, but only such as they might share, their common concern in things material and things spiritual brought with the homes the meeting-house, the school, the pure democracy of their simple government.

To recall these familiar features of the New England first settlements is to give a measure for the regard in which the pioneers would hold the town which in the process of the centuries had developed from their primal venture.

With what emotions would the first planter of New England survey the communities grown upon the foundations they laid? Let us summon them to the scene. Set them in the midst of the industrial city, where the simple home has given place to the luxurious mansion and where, as well, the broad acres of their farms are traversed by paved streets and thickly set with the tenements of a crowded population drawn from the four corners of the earth, and where the river, whose unchecked flow brought to their meadows renewal of its fertile tilth and yielded them the plenty of its shad and salmon, is stayed in its course and chained to the wheels of industry. Not a trace here of their beginnings. Pride mingles with their wonderment, it may be. Puzzled, overwhelmed, jarred by strange noises, glorying in the superstructure upon the foundations of their thrift and industriousness, pained by the loss of the home as they knew a home, resentful of the uneven lot that replaces equality of sharing in the fruits of labor, querying whether the virtues they upheld had survived the strain of such a transformation,—what their final judgment?

Take these returners from the seventeenth century to the site of another of their settlements, where their dreams have had another sort of defeat. Here the lands they captured from the wilds and reduced to tillage have reverted to wilderness. The last sign of their homesteads has vanished. The meeting-house, the school, they or their early descendants built are gone. This is the deserted town of their hopes,—its life gone away into the whirlpool of the mill town in the valley or to build other homes on broad

prairies, to them in their day unknown, or other frontiers than that they had won, these in turn become no longer frontiers but peaceful, prosperous parts of a nation whose bounds are no longer by land but by sea. The forests have reclaimed the fields the settlers wrested from them. Here the visitors may only be cheered by the reflection that the life they brought to the hills has flowed away into a life of a people, carrying with it the impress of their pioneer spirit.

For relief from the confusion of the mill town, for solace for the grief of the abandoned village, bring these patriots of the first days to the town where there have been lives and are now lived lives of the same tenor as their own. Their rude homes with their scant comfort have been replaced by homes that would have been to them abodes of luxury. The fields they won by heavy labor and in peril of their lives are made to yield in abundance. The broad street they marked out has become beautiful under the care of succeeding generations of their blood and kind. The school they forecast has become an institution made secure by law and with its instruction shared by every child. The government of the town's affairs perpetuates their notion of a common sharing of both responsibility and authority. The church has held its place. Their reverent faith abides. It has survived the rack of theological differences in which they would have borne their share, and under the spires of different opinion preserves and spreads the essentials of their worship.

In a word, bring them to Northfield. Let them here find a fulfillment of their philosophy of life—here, the town of their dreams.

Had we here to-day these visitors from the settlements which first ventured and finally made certain the existence of a town, we would present to them their numerous descendants. Call the roll of the settlers of 1673, who by their own return or that of their sons were again here in 1681 and again in like fashion shared in the permanent foothold of 1720:

William Janes. Englishman by birth; first settler at New Haven; at Northampton in 1656; teacher in both places; Northfield's first preacher. It was he who standing under the oak that survived to be seen by the present older generation, first lifted the hand in worship to God in this outpost. Father of sixteen chil-

dren, here would he meet his own name and find those of his blood under many another.

Richard Lyman. Born in England; at Hartford in 1636; progenitor of those of his own name still here, and of Pomeroy's, Mattoons and Fields.

George and John Alexander. Scotchmen; represented by the stalwart makers of Northfield's history at every stage in their own name and their kindred lines.

Samuel Wright. Born in London; founder here of the line that remains as a name and intertwined with others as familiar.

Joseph Dickinson. Freeman in Connecticut in 1657; son of Nathaniel of Wethersfield, in 1637 English immigrant; founder of another of the families whose name reappears in every generation in the annals of the town.

Thus it appears that all of the first settlers who returned for the later occupations or were represented by their sons are present in the Northfield of this day, and so numerous as to determine the character of the town. Nor can there be omitted others of the first group, Hutchinson, Bennett, Bascom, Webster, Mudge, Miller, Root, Hilliard and Smead. Theirs are familiar names in the Connecticut Valley and continually reappear in our town's genealogies. Cornet Joseph Parsons, prime mover in the Northfield venture, never settled here and the name comes later to Northfield from a collateral line. Cornelius Merry, the one Irishman, whose very name as well as his nationality suggests enlivenment of the first group, seems not to have left a local lineage.

To add the names of the families appearing here with the first permanent settlement, lengthening the roll with such as Field, Stratton and Mattoon, is to establish the great fact that in blood the town of our time is the blood of those in the early pioneer ventures. It is to make the return of the founders one of family welcome. It is to do more,—to point to one of the claims of Northfield to distinction in the perpetuity of its original character, the continuance of the character, the purpose, the devotion of the pioneers.

In the nation's history Northfield takes its place as the outpost of the line of advance of the English settlers in the capture of the continent. It was but sixteen years from Plymouth to Springfield.

Thence the advance was up the valley of the Connecticut, alluring to farmers, home-seekers, pursuers of new sites for communities which they had come hither to build. First discovery is traced to the scouting party from Quinsigamond, who pushing into the wilderness caught the first glimpse of the fair expanse of the valley at Squakheag,—Northfield's Indian name,—with its rich alluvial lands, and made due report of their discovery. But the fruitful



Main Street, 1923, looking north from near the Belcher Fountain

approach was to be from the south. It was a Northampton party, sent upon discovery, out of the town that was "straitened for room," who found the Indians ready to sell and secured the deeds to the present site of the town in 1671. Consent to establishment of a plantation was made by the General Court late in 1672 and the first habitation was made in 1673, precisely 250 years ago.

No American outpost has been more daringly placed. It was an advance into the wilderness and by a long step. Beyond Deerfield, itself an exposed settlement but just established, by sixteen miles, there was no neighbor to the east nearer than Groton, none to the west nearer than Troy on the Hudson. To the north there were no boundaries, none of colonial limits, none of the English posses-

sion, none of state nor of civilization. It was into territory of an unknown tribe of Indians, akin to those of the Merrimack region and on land of great natural advantage to the savages, certain not to be easily released, even under the solemnity of deeds of hand. It was unsheltered and alone.

The one protecting circumstance was that the Indians appeared to be friendly, that mistaken reliance of every such advance. But the newcomers and clear owners made no venture to occupy their acres in scattered homes. A few rude houses, thatched with the rank grass of the bottom lands, were gathered on narrow space and surrounded with a stockade. It marks all of the pioneer planning, that while the settlers were devoutly trustful of divine protection, and duly confident of the native respect of granted rights, they never failed to provide a shelter against a possible foe.

The story is told of the pioneer who was so stout in his affirmation that he would only die when his time had come but who always carried his gun when he went into the open field to work. When he was asked why he needed his musket if he believed he was sure to live his appointed time, he answered, "But suppose I should meet an Indian whose time had come, and I did not have my gun with me—" He typified the combination of a confident faith and a practical protection which marked his kind and time.

This was the beginning. Here came the founders of Northfield families. Their houses were of equal size and identical kind. Society was never at more perfect level, nor agreement more complete. To this picture add another feature, often overlooked in the picturing of the pioneer village. Here were a dozen families,—the dozen stout men, the dozen brave wives,—and their children. The children! Four young Hutchinsons, eight Janeses, four or five Lymans, fewer Alexanders (it was between generations in the Alexander tribe, with the older sons not here and the younger but starting in life), seven Wrights, and so on through the list to find that the living children of these few households numbered sixty-six, not less than forty or fifty being in this little palisaded outpost.

It was a period of calm and security in the valley. Nothing indicated unfriendliness in the natives. Tidings of the trouble of the coast settlements with Philip, the unfaithful son of Massasoit, came slowly and caused no unrest. It was in the third summer



Northfield Seminary, founded in 1879 by Dwight L. Moody

that the burning of Brookfield stirred the fears of the valley settlers and caused Hatfield to be turned into headquarters for a pitifully small company of dragoons. Scouts traversed the valley and the appearance of some strange Indians of strange tribes caused the demand that the natives give up their arms. The arms having been returned upon a fictitious plea, the march of Lothrop towards Deerfield was to demand their return,—with the fateful consequence that has made a place in history for Bloody Brook. Then came the attacks on the forts at Deerfield, into which the settlers had withdrawn their families, and the valley was in full alarm.

Far to the front was Squakheag, and to its relief was sent the little troop commanded by Captain Beers. The ambuscade in the ravine on Northfield's borders, the battle of Beers Plain, the killing of all but thirteen of the party, are an oft-told tale. And in the stockade two miles away the sound of the guns brought its terror. September 6, 1675, the rescue party under Major Treat, following the path Beers had taken and passing the poles bearing the heads of his slaughtered men, reached the outpost and led away its inhabitants, leaving behind the cattle and sheep to be destroyed with the homes which were soon wiped from the face of the land.

Seven years elapse before the second attempt is made to occupy Squakheag,—years of undisturbed Indian possession and increasing Indian insolence and depredation. Smarting under them, the people of Hadley resolved that "We think the Lord calls us to make some trial what may be done against them suddenly without further delay and therefore the concurring resolution of men here seems to be to go out against them to-morrow night so as to be with them, the Lord assisting, before break of day." This devoutly undertaken venture leaves the story of the surprise at the falls that have perpetuated the name of the commander, Captain Turner, the return pursuit and the rout and death of Turner and his men in the swamp near present Greenfield.

The death of King Philip, August 12, 1676, was the signal for the dispersion of the savages in this quarter and for the renewed attempt to plant a settlement at Northfield. In 1682 the General Court was petitioned to authorize return to this site. It was yet two years before a few of the grantees broke the land anew,

planted crops and prepared to build houses. By 1686 the lots had been laid out on the liberal even-handed scheme that marked the justest town-planning of all time, and twenty-nine families were here. There was a sense of security and a confidence that homes were now building for permanence. The summer of 1688 brought new alarm. Parties of Indians, instigated by the French authorities in Canada, appeared in the valley, hired by the French governor to kill and scalp friendly Indians and Christians. Northfield's calm was broken by the killing of six persons,—three men, two women and a girl, near the brook which crosses the present Main Street.

Immediately half the families left and the remaining households were required to maintain the garrison of sixty soldiers billeted upon them,—five at least to each family.

"For our souls we have need to cry out, Have pity on us, for the hand of God hath touched us and the Almighty hath dealt bitterly with us." This is the language not of prayer but of petition to the legislature signed "in behalf of all that are left at Northfield." "Hereby," recites the appeal, "we are reduced to twelve mean families Our estates are exhaust by maintaining garrison soldiers and being kept from labor."

Resolute, ready to hold their ground, submissive to the will of the General Court, these few were ready to remain but they demanded the return of those who had fled or consent that they who had stayed might leave. With deliberation that set a precedent for legislation that has been amply honored in all time since, the General Court acted after the lapse of months, commanding the return of the deserters at peril of losing their lands. War had been declared between England and France, the exposure of the town to attack by Indians in French pay was extreme, and after a winter whose terrors for the twelve families we cannot picture, on June 25, 1690, the County Court ordered the removal of the few families.

The settlers returned to their former homes, formed new settlements at Enfield and Westfield and Lebanon, and Northfield was returned to the wilds.

A quarter century elapses. It is filled with the tragic stories of Queen Anne's War—none more so than the destruction of Deer-

field in 1704, and the carrying into Canadian captivity of not less than one hundred and twenty-three men, women and children—some to return later but a third of them adopting Indian or French habits, intermarrying with their captors, and being lost to light in another people.



Unitarian Congregational Church
Built in 1871

The Treaty of Utrecht, March 30, 1713, brought the war to an end with the sequel that the leading hostile tribes of Indians in New England sent in a flag of truce to the colonial governments. Lasting peace assured, the surviving proprietors of the Squakheag plantation promptly sought to reclaim and restore their lands.

1714—Eight of the “engagers” returned—controversy over the taxation of the absentee owners delayed full resettlement—new al-

lotments were made in due form—the foundations of town government were gradually restored—a minister was settled,—the gristmill and the sawmill were secured under subsidy of liberal grants of land,—the first town tax was laid,—the town possessed itself of a scow, establishing the municipal ferry at Bennett's meadow. A meeting-house was built in the middle of the street, nearly in front of the site of the present First Parish Church—brickmaking began—the main street was narrowed to six rods (land had assumed a value now)—town meetings came to be held annually, with choice of town clerk, constable, surveyors of highways, tything man, fence viewers, committee to gather wood for the minister. Farms of one hundred and fifty acres each, down the river, were given the committee in charge of the town's affairs and a similar one to the surveyor who had newly laid out the farms, thus establishing the name of Northfield Farms. Population rapidly increased—the General Court established a garrison of ten soldiers in the colony's pay—under the dread of a new war, two forts were built—the able-bodied men between sixteen and sixty were enrolled in a militia company—the spinning wheel and loom were set up in each household—the maltster arrived (well ahead of the shoemaker)—these the tokens of a firm establishment, reaching its full recognition in the formal creation as a legal entity of the town of Northfield in 1723. The charter of Northfield enacted by the General Assembly for the Province of Massachusetts Bay, held at Boston the 29th of May, 1723, bears the consent of Governor William Dummer on Saturday, June 15, 1723.

These are its simple terms:

“In the House of Representatives, Read and Ordered:

That the Town of Northfield be and hereby is authorized and empowered to have use exercise and enjoy, all such poweres, priviledges and immunities which other Towns have use exercise and enjoy. And that Capt. Benjamin Wright and Lieut. Eliezur Wright, two of the principal Inhabitants of the said Town, are hereby directed and empowered to notify and summon the inhabitants duly qualified for voting, to assemble and meet

together for the chusing of Town officers to stand until the annual election according to law. In Council,

Read and Concurred.

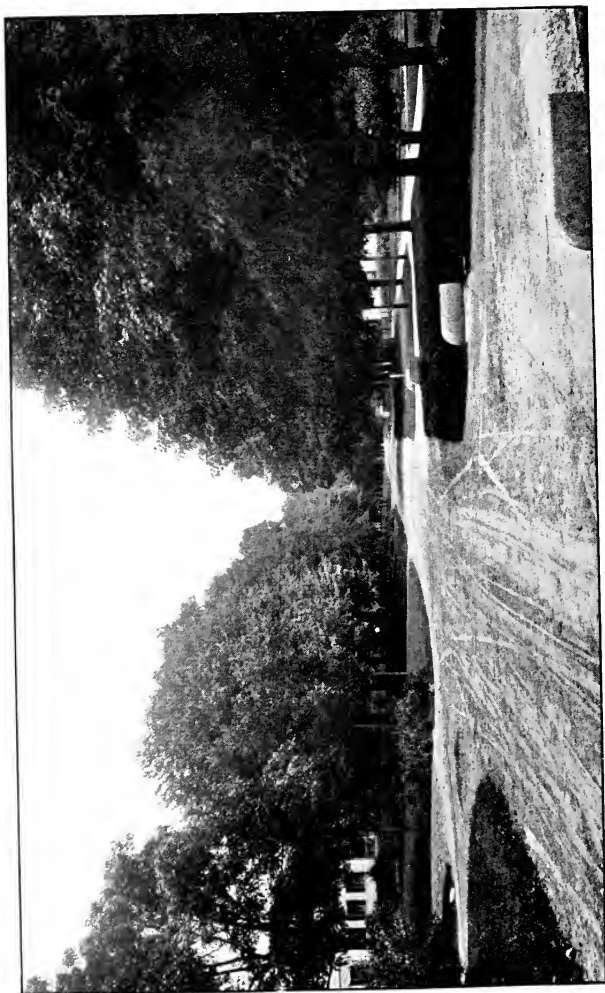
Consented to

WM. DUMMER.

Saturday, June 15, 1723."

Two centuries of town life stretch between the formal act of recognition and this day, lengthened by precisely a half century of a struggling settlement,—of brave encounter, of strife, of sacrifice, of terror and of desolation. No element of pioneer character is lacking in the period of its forming. In the reverent moulding of its "engagers," may we not say that God meant this terror to be? The significance of the determination of its founders is not local, nor provincial, it is national. Not elsewhere in the continent that has yielded to the march of civilization, is there richer occasion to pay reverence to the American pioneer, not elsewhere his struggle more brave, his sufferings more extreme, his faith more sublime, his virtues more stalwart, than in the capture from wilderness and treacherous foe, than in the honoring memory of thrice-settled Northfield.

The story of tragedy and of peril does not end so early. The final settlement was soon overshadowed by another war dance. On the surface, an encounter between the people of Massachusetts and New Hampshire on the one side and the eastern Indians on the other, the real power with which these two colonies were at war was the Governor-General of Canada backed by the king of France. Known as Father Ralle's war, from the recorded fact of the instigation of its outrages by Sabastian Ralle, it opened in 1722 and ended in 1726. In this period, Northfield was constantly exposed and its men were constantly in garrison and field. Eighteen years of peace ensued. The occupation of the valley had advanced northward. Fort Dummer had been built as a further outpost of defense. No. 4 (Charlestown, N. H.) had appeared and had been fortified and between lay other little settlements. In 1744 England and France again entered upon war. Northfield men enlisted—were in the siege of Louisburg and at the defense of Fort Massachusetts. War came near in the assault by eighty



Main Street, East Northfield, near Moody Street, looking south

French and Indians upon the fort in Great Meadow. The region became infested with the enemy and outrages multiplied—the picking off of a farmer going for his cattle, the slaughter of a household, the swoop down upon an exposed hamlet, and major events like the destruction of Fort Massachusetts. To this chapter belong the killing of Benjamin Wright (Aug. 11, 1746) and of Nathaniel Dickinson and Asahel Burt (April 15, 1747), the battle between Sergeant Taylor and the French and Indians on the trail from Northfield to Fort Dummer (July, 1748), and the killing of Aaron Belding on the ledge just north of Mill Brook in Main Street. The peace of 1749 was of but five years' duration, to the opening of the last French and Indian War in 1754. Northfield again became a fortified town—this time by action of its own town meeting, voting to build four forts. In the succeeding ten years, Northfield men were enrolled in one after another of the British military expeditions—to Nova Scotia, Crown Point, Fort William Henry, Ticonderoga, Lake George, Montreal. Through much of the period her forts were garrisoned and skulking Indians served to keep the people here in a state of alarm. It was not until 1760 that the last Northfield men were relieved from service.

For seventy-seven years, the ground where to-day stands the tribute to the men who dared its settlement, was within the theatre of the frontier wars. But for the period of abandonment of its occupation and the briefer intervals of peace, its people were in peril. Their lives were overshadowed by the menace of the acts of savage foes. Their sons grew to manhood to be lifelong bearers of arms. The supreme sacrifices were faced and met with a valor and a devotion and a faith, the majesty of which has not yet been paid adequate honor.

By so much as we may in the presence of their descendants and sharing in the calm and beauty of the community they planned and upbuilt, shall we not add a little to their homage as soldiers and as men?

Of such a town, with such a people, and such a training in valor and loyalty, it seems but the recording of a natural sequence that when the Stamp Act stirred the colony against oppression, its families quietly but unanimously resolved to forego entirely the

use of tea and of foreign calicoes and woolen dress goods and return to their sage and their homespun. The flocks of sheep increased from four hundred and thirty-seven in 1771 to two thousand one hundred and sixteen in 1777. Flax again grew in its meadows. The spinning wheel returned to the household.

Her Ensign Phineas Wright was in the first provincial congress. Her Ebenezer Janes in the second. She armed and munitioned her minutemen. The alarm of the battle of Lexington reached Northfield April 20 and before night Captain Eldad Wright and his men were on their way to Cambridge. In February, 1776, a company was recruited here with Thomas Alexander as its captain, and in March was ordered to join the expedition to Canada. Thenceforward no Northfield quota failed of its full number. Her men were with Washington in New Jersey, were at Ticonderoga, at Bennington, at the surrender of Burgoyne, at West Point at the time of Arnold's treachery. Her town meetings continued to provide men for the Continental army down to the mid-summer of 1781—three months before the surrender of Cornwallis.

The annals of Northfield are the consistent record of the development of the character of the founders—the story of the New England town. Responsive to every call to service in arms, her glory has been as great in the sturdy independence of her people, the devotion to those community interests of home and school and church, in which the first comers were as much “engagers” as in occupation of the land. Her people have been if not of the same blood, of the same sort, as those who first came. The one exception came with the building of the first railroad, the Vermont and Massachusetts—that through line from Boston to Fitchburg, along the Millers Valley and turning northward at Grout's tavern in Montague, crossed the Connecticut at Northfield. The laborers in this construction were Irishmen. They turned from their completed job to settle in the towns along the way. Northfield had its colony of them, and here they have their descendants of the second and third generation, supplying in the community the place that was forecasted in the presence of Cornelius Merry, the one of their race among the first settlers. There is testimony to the unity of the people of a town, who, with their differences of

religious belief taken very seriously, when its Irish Catholic families sought to build their church, contributed to the fund—they of the First Parish and they of the Orthodox church, including the one whose evangelistic leadership has made Northfield known the world around.

Now comes a distinct chapter in Northfield history, but a consistent part of its record.

Tarrying for a little at midday for the newspapers' information as to what was doing in the world, Northfield people learned on a certain day of the middle seventies that there had landed in New York a man who had become world famous, through a tremendous religious awakening he had caused in a tour of Great Britain. Interviewed on the wharf, he was described as bustling about among the trunks, answering the question where he was bound, with, "I am going right up to Northfield, Massachusetts, to see my mother."

Dwight Lyman Moody's return to Northfield, the town of his birth and boyhood, was an event of more than domestic interest. It was destined to give to the town another distinction than the generic one of being a beautiful, quiet, New England community of farmers. It was for him to be the rediscoverer of the town, from which indeed he had never severed himself, as the place for the foundations of his most enduring work.

It would be easy as it is customary, to speak of the development of Mr. Moody's life and work here as the making of another Northfield. Such a detachment of it from the Northfield of two centuries of background is not with full warrant. Physically, it was the appropriation by a man of vision and of keen practical judgment of slopes familiar to him from infancy to a purpose that mastered his life. Personally, it was the discovery by him of the natural elements fit by their charm and quiet to become the scene of one of the chief ventures of his always venturesome enterprise. Historically it was a fruition of the controlling design of the men who first claimed this region from the wilds.

Mr. Moody was the unqualified product of New England. He was not only of an entirely Yankee ancestry, but entirely of a

Northfield lineage. Five first settlers established here their lines of descent, Alexander, Janes, Wright, Dickinson, Lyman.

Three, at least, of the five were lineal ancestors of Dwight Moody. He was an Alexander, a Wright, a Dickinson. His own middle name, Lyman, suggests that somewhere he was also of this line. And it is possible that it can be said he was a Janes! Moreover, he was a Holton, in direct line from William Holton of the



D. L. Moody

second settlement, founder of the family here. A Stratton, by descent from Hezekiah of the first permanent settlers. Indeed, to invade the list of the families in the third settlement is to extend the claim of early Northfield ancestry beyond the limits of time and patience for other than a devoted genealogist.

He was of Northfield by every association—all of his schooling in its town schools; all of his religious training in the First Parish Church and Sunday school, where his mother worshiped, and where his brothers, as well as his uncles of both the Holton and the Moody families, were the very pillars. His own deep religious experience came after he left Northfield as a boy to work in

his uncle's shoe store in Boston. Energy, shrewdness, earnestness, physical strength, were in him the clearly marked endowment of his rugged New England ancestry.

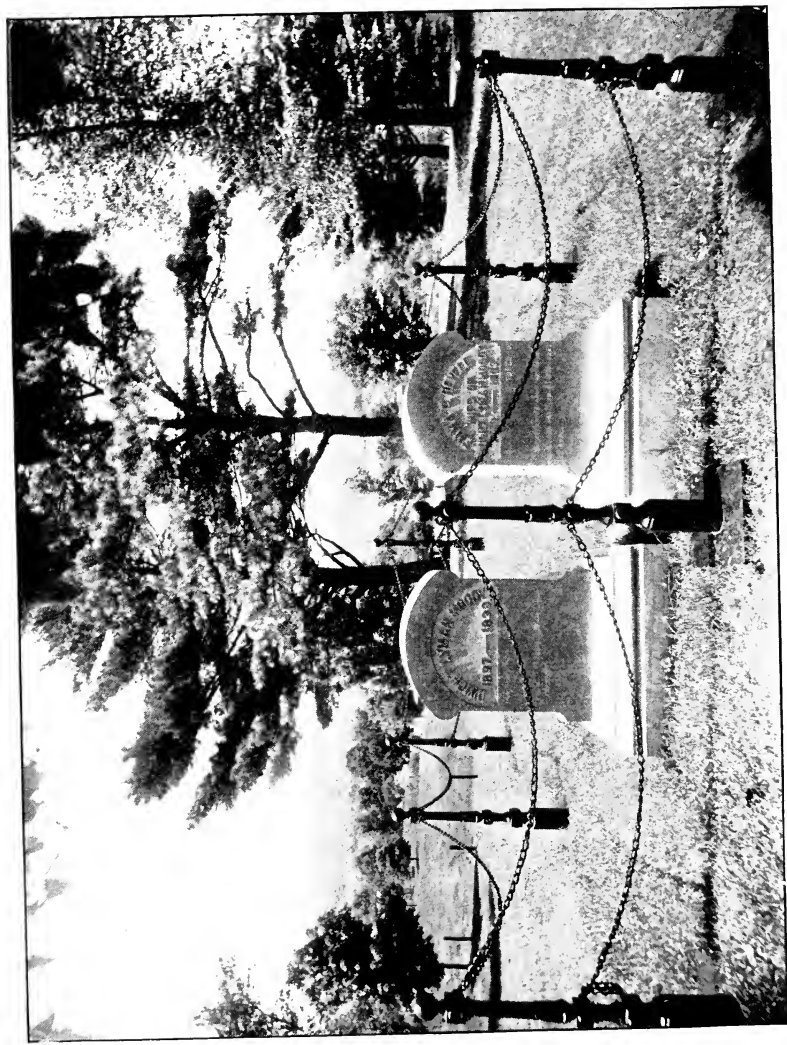
That these qualities found their outlet in religious leadership, coming from his own deep conviction, and in the building of schools where Bible study is required, is fulfilment of the pious design the founders of Northfield had for their community. The institutions of Mr. Moody's founding fit into the landscape of the valley not more naturally than his own devoutness and energy in the spread of religion fit into the design of realization the New England pioneers wrought out in their social scheme. Our returning visitors after the two and one-half centuries would rejoice in the character given the town by their descendant's efforts.

Mr. Moody's return to Northfield brought marked changes. The pastures and fields on the slopes of the hill on whose summit was his birthplace came to be the campus of a school whose influence goes around the world. The corner stone of the first of its buildings was laid in 1879, and the other buildings came in rapid succession, making the town astir with trades. His call of Christian workers into convocations here brought throngs into the town's hitherto quiet summers. Northfield came to have a name in the world as the radiating point of religious fervor and endeavor. His own preaching brought religious awakening to the unchurched.

It stirred, too, the discussion of points of belief and emphasized differences that had been lightly carried. To this extent it was divisive, but not further. The service of this ardent leader to mankind, the immeasurable effect of his personal appeal upon the lives of men, the impetus he gave to missionary effort,—the strength, the vigor, the earnestness and the achievements of this son of the town were the pride of its people, however aligned in their religious beliefs and attachments.

His chapter in the making of the town as we now know it is consistent with the rest of its history.

And, finally, the men of New England have ever had a reputation for integrity. There are men of character leading the list there. We know the record of the men who have made Northfield famous; and if Northfield is still to continue to maintain its



The burial place of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight L. Moody on Round Top, Northfield Seminary

place in the future, it must continue to breed men who are men of integrity. And if we are willing to strive to realize these visions of opportunity for service with willingness to sacrifice, I believe that the future of New England is bright, and that on its three hundredth anniversary we may look forward and still be able to refer to Northfield as a place from which we were glad to come, and in which we are glad to live.

Mr. Callender: We invited all the former pastors of Northfield to be with us on this occasion, and to endeavor to give us a word this afternoon. We have one whom all will be glad to hear; and it gives me very great pleasure at this time to present Rev. Daniel M. Wilson of Dover, Mass., a former pastor of Northfield Unitarian Church.

Reverend Daniel Monroe Wilson.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It took a shower of bullets and a flight of arrows to drive your ancestors into shelter—but only a shower of rain to drive the citizens of this town and visitors into this splendid hall of learning. Whether that is an indication of the difference in character between that time and this, I do not know.

In accepting the courteous invitation that was given me, and wondering what I could give you or tell you, I was reminded of something that was told me by a friend who was driving me around to see his beautiful city. In passing an insane asylum he said, "I want to tell you a story. They were building an addition of bricks to this insane asylum a little while ago, and they had one or two men who were not quite witless and not violently insane, and one of them we put on the job, with some of our outside workmen, carrying bricks from this pile to the building there.

"By and by the superintendent came along to see how the work was progressing, and saw this patient was wheeling his wheelbarrow from the pile to the building, with the barrow wrong side upmost. 'Why, my man, you don't want to wheel your barrow in that fashion, but right side up.' 'Not on your life,' said the patient, 'if I should do that, some fool would be putting bricks into it.'"

Well I feel somehow as though I had come in that fashion, with

my experiences wrong side up, and have not even a gold brick to present. But I have reversed the situation, and my capacity is right side up, and has been accepting a great many gold nuggets. I feel, with all I have heard, that it is a wonderful celebration, a pageant wonderful beyond description; and you have given a great welcome to me. To those abroad who have lived here and come back, everyone and everything seems to be welcoming them. It is like the story told of Ralph Waldo Emerson:

Ralph Waldo Emerson was going to the home of George Rice in Newton, and he was taking two boys with him, and as they walked along Emerson pointed out what a lovely and delightful welcome Nature was giving them.

"There is the wind blowing over the grass, and as the grass bends, it says 'how do you do!' and 'how do you do!' and 'how do you do!' And there the branches wave in the trees, and as they wave back and forth, they say—'how do you do!' and 'how do you do!' and 'how do you do!' And the clouds rise and pass over the face of the heavens, and they are saying—'how do you do!' and 'how do you do!' and 'how do you do!' "

Now a welcome like this is the sort of welcome we have enjoyed in Northfield, the welcome from your committee, from the citizens of the town,—we who are not living here now. And it has been a hearty welcome, such as befits the great heart of Northfield. And we are lifted up, and made greater of soul because of what we have heard and seen.

Is there in any other town to which you can go a place where a greater welcome can be given by the surrounding scenery than here in Northfield? I have heard another word besides welcome, and it is that this is God's country. If it has not been said directly by the speakers, they meant it. To those who have been born here, it is God's country. And to you who have lived here from the first and are going to live here, it may be this is God's country. That is a great feeling to have for your native place or the place where you are living. And men and women, it is for you God's country in the largest and most liberal sense, and you are not taking anything from anybody else by thinking that your town is God's country. It is true, it is not altogether the center of the universe. But go elsewhere, and you will find them saying the

same thing. Every town and city where you go, you will find the men and women saying "This is God's country."

I was talking to a man on the way here, and he told me he had been on a western trip and came to a town in a prairie, where you could stand in the center of the town and throw a stone out in the broad prairie, with the land billowing away, and here and there a little green where there is a home. And while he stood looking at the town and pitying it, one of his friends said—"Isn't it a glorious place? Why, right under where we stand is a sewer that is six feet high; and out there to the right there's a spur of track comes in, and the train runs right in there. It's God's country!"

Oh, well, I don't know—if you went into it as this man did—I guess he hungered for his own New England town, which was once for him God's town.

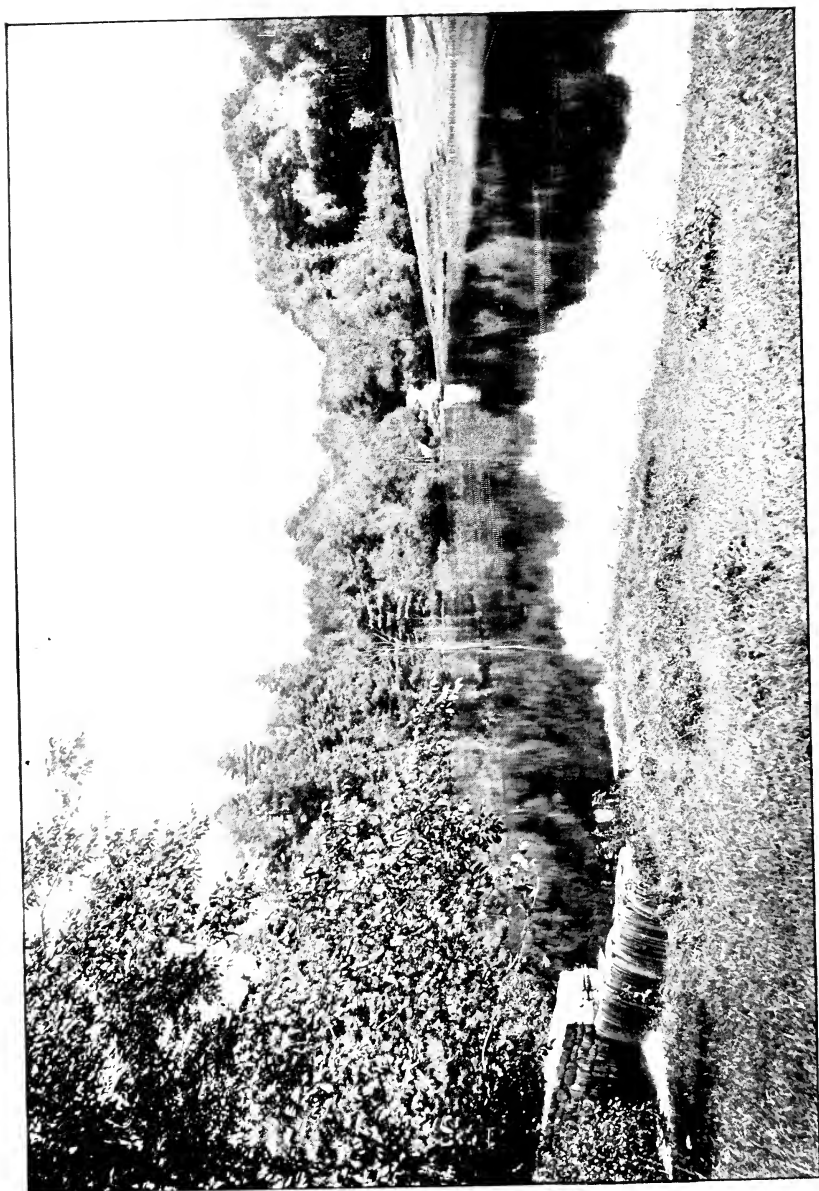
Now a place like that western prairie town would be a difficult place even for Dwight L. Moody to establish an institution—but he has been fortunate, for Nature has been an inspiration for him. When he was abroad, he saw no more beautiful places; he longed for Northfield, and one of the first things he did was to come back to Northfield with great, big ideas in his head, and he made Northfield what it is, because Northfield was great before he came—a great scene and a great man combined together to establish the institutions which you have.

More I might say to you, but it is late; and I want to thank you with all my heart for the invitation, and to tell you I have delighted to look upon those faces I have known and been intimate with and who welcomed me; and to have known those whom I have not been acquainted with hitherto.

LONG LIVE NORTHFIELD!

T. R. Callender: We expected to have a Northfield boy speak to us at the first meeting of this celebration. Unfortunately, he was unable to be present; but we have caught him to-day, and we would like to hear a word from our friend, Dr. Richard M. Smith, of Boston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard R. Smith of Northfield.

Dr. Richard Mason Smith of Boston is a direct descendant of George Alexander who settled in Northfield at the time of the



Wanamaker Lake

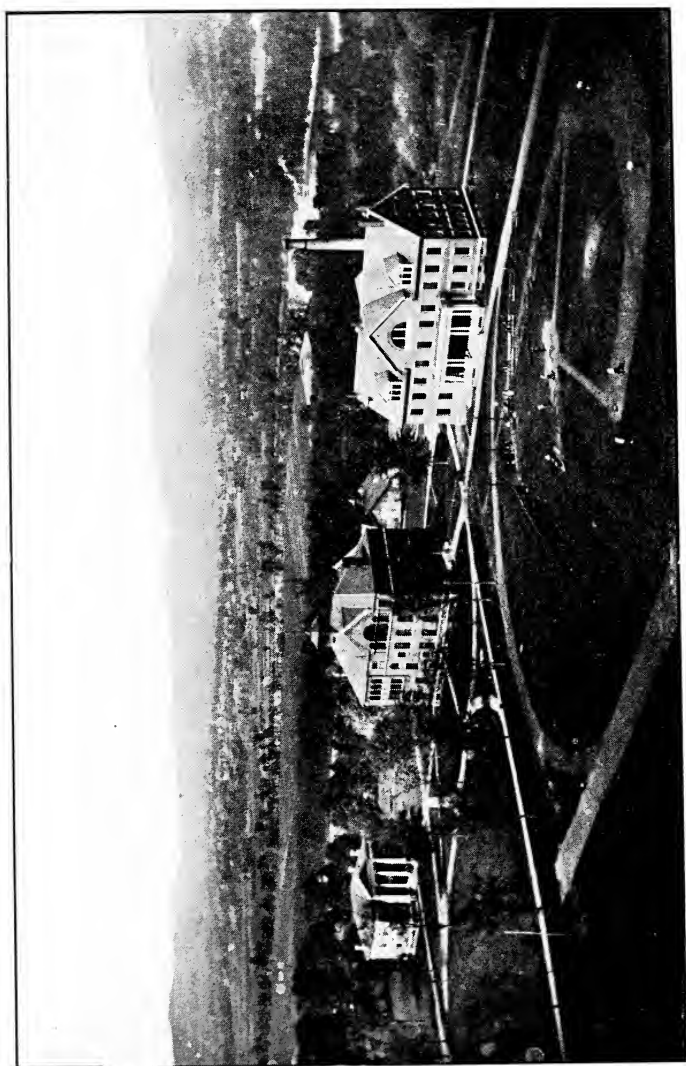
first settlement in 1673. He is descended also from Rev. Thomas Mason, pastor of the Northfield church from 1799 to 1830, who was known as Priest Mason.

Dr. Smith.

Friends: Let me say in the beginning that it is a very great satisfaction to be able to be present at this time, a satisfaction, because I think anyone who has lived in a town and gone out from that town harbors in his memory recollections which nothing that happens afterwards can ever replace. That feeling is founded on a very sound psychological basis, too, because we know the impressions of early years are always the impressions which make their deepest entries upon our mental outlook. We know there are certain years of life which settle very definitely the trend of an individual's life. We know it is at this period that habits are formed which become the permanent habits of his life; and we know how difficult it is to modify the methods of living which have their origin in those early years. We know that in the time of illness and old age, the things which come rushing to the surface are the things which took place in the early years. We know the impressions and ideas stored in those early years are the things which stay with us, the things which go to make up our permanent characteristics.

It behooves us that these early impressions shall be good impressions and shall guide us into the paths that are desirable.

We have heard a good deal about the leadership of the men of Northfield; we have heard a good deal about the characteristics of our forefathers; we have been led to believe, and correctly, that these characteristics which have been exhibited in the men of Northfield are characteristics which have been present in the men of New England through a good many generations. As has just been said—the past is written. The thing that ought to concern us is the future. Are these same characteristics going to endure? Is New England, in the next one hundred years, going to be the same kind of New England which we all of us revere at the present time? Is the New England of the future going to maintain the leadership which she has had in state and nation? Is it going to be able to withstand the competition which it is now getting from



View from Mt. Hermon School campus looking across the Connecticut Valley toward Northfield

other parts of the country? Is the pushing of industries into the West going to deprive New England of the leadership she has had in the world?

As for me, I firmly believe that New England has a history ahead of it, that its history has not yet all been written, and that fifty years from now we shall still be able to point with pride to the history of the last two hundred and fifty years and of the fifty years yet ahead of us.

We must maintain certain characteristics which have been fundamental in the life of New England. It is impossible to pick out all the important characteristics, it would be unwise at this time to attempt it; but there are two or three traits of character which are so firmly fixed in our minds as characteristic of New England, it would be worth while to mention. First of all, Northfield would never have been what it has been if those men had not possessed a great ability to overcome obstacles. We know how many times it had to be settled before it became permanent. The way they met obstacles was to overcome them. Whatever difficulties were present were met with a courage that recognized that they were obstacles to be overcome, not obstacles to be yielded to.

If the New England of the future is to be the kind that we would like it to be, it must be because its citizens recognize the difficulties which are facing it, and are willing to solve them, not to run away from them or yield to them.

In the second place, the people of New England made great personal sacrifices for the future. The reasoning of the men of yesterday to the problems put before them was not "What does this bring to me?", but "What opportunity does this give me to be of service?" They came with a vision of the future; they came at great personal physical sacrifice—death in many instances—they came because they were willing themselves to contribute whatever they had to the future. We must approach the problems of to-day in that same spirit. If we approach problems of to-day from the point of view of what we are going to get for ourselves, those problems will never be satisfactorily solved. They can be solved only as we meet them in a spirit of unselfishness and service.

Singing of America the Beautiful, by the audience.

Benediction. Rev. Mr. Wilson: May the Lord bless and preserve us; may the light of His countenance shine upon us and refresh us and give us peace. Amen!



Memorial Fountain
Gift of Eliza and Mary Ann Belcher
1909

From Charles [unclear]

